In this issue *of* The Outlook

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There begins in this issue the first of three straight-from-the-shoulder articles by a former Forest ranger. The articles deal with the manner in which the Forest Service is fighting its greatest foe—fire. When you have finished reading these articles, send them to your Representatives and Senators. Call them to the attention of discussion clubs, civic bodies, and public leaders. You can help save our forests from destruction.

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Harold T. Pulsifer, *President and Managing Editor*
Nathan T. Pulsifer, *Vice-President*
Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*

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The Outlook

Volume 146 August 10, 1927 Number 15

The President's Speech

AS this issue of The Outlook is on the press the President has made the following official announcement of his attitude towards the Presidential nomination and election of next year:

"I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight."

In succeeding issues The Outlook will discuss the implications of the President's characteristic announcement and survey for its readers the situation which develops as a result of Mr. Coolidge's utterance.

Naval Equality with Differing Needs

ONCE more what seemed possibly the final plenary session of the Naval Conference at Geneva was postponed last week in the hope of agreement. How divergent the needs and views of America and Britain are has been well stated in our younger namesake, the London "Outlook." In its issue for July 16 its editorial commentator, Ocellus, writes:

> America is a continental country with oceanic possessions to defend in the Pacific; Britain an island with a scattered Empire and extensive trade routes to guard. Wherefore America thinks in terms of a limited tonnage of large cruisers, while Britain thinks in terms of a limited tonnage of small cruisers. These facts by themselves are sufficient to indicate the absurdity of either country arming against each other, and from that point of view should be the most hopeful point of the Conference. Yet it is on this very point that the disagreement has arisen.

While the Conference was marking time Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, again repudiated the idea that the British Government had any desire to destroy equality of sea power between Great Britain and the United States; but he explained that a nation with ten cruisers of 10,000 tons would have a great advantage in a fight with a nation having twenty cruisers of 5,000 tons. Why Sir Austen should think that equality between the two countries means necessarily equality in arming against each other we cannot understand. Nobody thinks that either navy needs to be planned with a view to an unthinkable contest between the two. The point of this Conference is to reduce or limit naval building. Tonnage limitation is the natural and simple method. Neither country should try to determine what kind of navy within those limitations the other country should have.

(C) Keystone

The Prince of Wales acknowledging the royal salute on his arrival in Quebec

Princes and Premier

WE often hear of a shirt-sleeves orator, but a shirt-sleeves Premier is a novelty in public life. When the Premier of Great Britain, Stanley Baldwin, addressed some hundreds of prominent business men of Canada at the Canada Club in Montreal he spoke in his shirt sleeves, not because he wanted to be familiar and friendly, but simply because he was hot. We all remember the New York statesman who thought he would curry favor with a farmers' audience by taking off his coat, and thereby nearly or quite lost his election. That was a pose for popularity; this was the natural action of a man whose dignity needed no coat sleeves.

The reception of the Prince of Wales, his brother George, and Mr. Baldwin has been all that they could desire or that Canadians could wish to see them receive. They came, not to secure more firmly the loyalty of Canada to the mother country, because that is already amply secured. They are frankly on a vacation, visiting Canada on the occasion of her sixtieth anniversary as a self-governing Dominion, but none the less Canada has shown them the deep and constant friendliness of the American Dominion toward England.

Mr. Baldwin's speech before the Canada Club to which we refer included frank and earnest talk about good will in trade between the two nations of the British Commonwealth. He pictured England as an aggressive business man spending millions of pounds for publicity and entering with vigor into industrial and agricultural competition. In fact, he definitely suggested to Canadians that if they would increase their purchase of manufactured goods from Great Britain and such commodities as rubber, tea, and cotton from the south-eastern possessions of Great Britain, it would help the purchase in return of Canadian products by Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin pointed out also that the Empire Marketing Board, on which England spends $5,000,000 a year, is designed to facilitate just such trade.

Paris Saves a Landmark

NEW YORKERS are becoming hardened to seeing the historic landmarks, precious to them, though young in the eyes of Europe, torn down at a moment's notice to make way for some new skyscraper or converted into business premises. We think usually that the Old World preserves her relics bet-

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ter, yet there is practically no city of Europe which cannot tell the same tale. Certainly Paris can.

The Avenue des Champs-Elysées has in the last ten years suffered exactly the same encroachments as has Fifth Avenue. The homes of the wealthy and the great, once famed for their beauty, their hospitality, their distinction of host and guest, have been converted into banks, into offices for great newspapers, into expensive apartments, into hotels, and, above all, into automobile *salons*.

One of the choicest of these old mansions, sold to be wrecked to make room for a modern business building, has just been saved by quick action and presented to the Société des Gens de Lettres as a permanent home for this famous body of French authors. The house is the Hôtel du Duc de Massa. Since 1785 it has stood in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, at the corner now marked by the Rue la Boetie. It has been intimately connected with great scenes in French history. Here the Duc de Morny was born. Here Napoleon, Murat, and Talleyrand conversed. Here the Second Empire paraded its elegance.

The hotel was built in 1785 by Thiroux de Montsange, and in 1788 it became the property of the Duc de Richelieu, son of the Marshal. A long line of illustrious tenants followed: the Comte de Marescalchi, the Comtesse Durfort, the Comtesse de Juigne, finally, the Duc de Massa, grandson of one of Napoleon's Ministers of Justice.

The method of saving the house is the moving, stone by stone, of the entire building to the placid quarter in the garden of the Observatory, in face of the Luxembourg Gardens. In the best American manner it will be reconstructed, from the corner-stone which was laid by M. Herriot, Minister of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts, on July 17.

How greatly it is to be regretted that American philanthropy has not saved more fine old buildings in a country whose short history has given all too few worth the preservation!

China's Calamity

It has taken almost three months for the news of what is regarded as one of the world's greatest catastrophes to reach our Western knowledge. The province of Kansu is remote from even Chinese civilization. It was cut off entirely from the possibility of sending the news of the disaster by telegraph, or even by the meager postal service, and until a few days ago apparently no one had the least idea of what had actually happened.

A stupendous earthquake with casualties now placed as high as one hundred thousand wiped out at least four populous cities of the province; one, it is said, namely, the city of Tumentse, was not only wrecked and destroyed, but piled beneath a moving mountain. At Sisiang a Catholic church and its convent collapsed and numbers of the worshipers at the celebration of mass were buried beneath the ruins.

The news of this earthquake confirms the observations made at the time by seismographic records, and indeed affords a marvelous illustration of the accuracy of this method of recognizing earth tremors. The experts of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, after figuring out in detail the indications of their instruments, announced just after the disaster that such an upheaval had taken place, and that it was clearly in Kansu Province and was one of the worst earthquakes of modern times. This province had already felt the terror of calamity by earthquake in the disaster of 1920, in which it is said that about two hundred thousand lives were lost. It was this former disaster in which the phenomenon of mountains moved bodily was noted. Probably the only other known earthquake disaster in which loss of life was as great as that in Kansu in 1920 was the Japanese earthquake of 1923, in which 192,000 lives were reported lost.

An Old Way with a New Evil

The Federal authorities in San Francisco have evidently discovered what might with advantage be more generally "discovered," namely, that existing laws, *when enforced,* are sufficient to cover many more contingencies than are dreamed of in the average legislative philosophy. Thus San Francisco Federal agents have come to realize that it is possible to combat liquor smuggling from overseas simply by a strict enforcement of the Tariff Act.

According to an air mail despatch received from our Pacific coast correspondent, suits to the number of two hundred have suddenly been filed in the United States District Court in San Francisco against the masters of hundreds of vessels from all parts of the world in an ostensible attempt to collect $100,000 in customs penalties on liquor, drugs, silks, and jewels which it is claimed were not listed on the ships' manifests of merchandise.

Captains of practically all the big ocean liners plying between San Francisco and the Orient are named as individual defendants, as well as many masters of freight and tramp steamers from South America and Europe. The Government does not assert that the captains "smuggled in" the contraband goods, but declares that under the law they are liable for failure to list the goods on the records of the ships' stores. The suits, although directed primarily against the liquor traffic and narcotic traffic, are not brought under either the Prohibition Act or the Narcotic Act, but under the Tariff Act, as a method of attack on the wholesale system of violation prevalent in San Francisco as elsewhere.

The United States District Attorney's office has, it appears, been working in conjunction with the Customs Department for months past in preparation of the suits. The cases go as far back as 1922, and cite hundreds of seizures from them on through 1926. One suit is typical. It is brought against the captain of a well-known ocean liner, and recites that customs agents, on November 26, 1923, found 125 bottles of whisky, 1 bottle of wine, 3 pieces of jewelry, and 5 packages of pills aboard his ship, total value $775.35, which amount they assess as a penalty against the captain, and petition the Court to grant judgment for the Government in that amount, the goods not having been listed on the ship's manifest.

No charges against the personal morality of any of the captains or masters is necessarily involved, but the action of the Government does fix the legal responsibility where it is supposed to rest, and thus strengthens the machinery of enforcement very considerably. Other cities and other States might well follow the lead of San Francisco.

One Railroad Advances

Railroad men are congratulating one another over various engineering advantages that have accrued through the recent introduction of roller-bearing axles on two crack Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad trains. This is the first time passenger trains have been so equipped in this country, but if it proves to have been the beginning of a Nation-wide innovation—as many see excellent reason to think—the public will rejoice most, for roller-bearing axles will permit a heavy train to be started without the usual jerk. Thus the tempers and profanity of passengers, as well as Pullman-car coffee, will be conserved.

For decades ten thousand times ten

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Counsel the cripple

(Merchant of Venice, Act I, Scene 2)

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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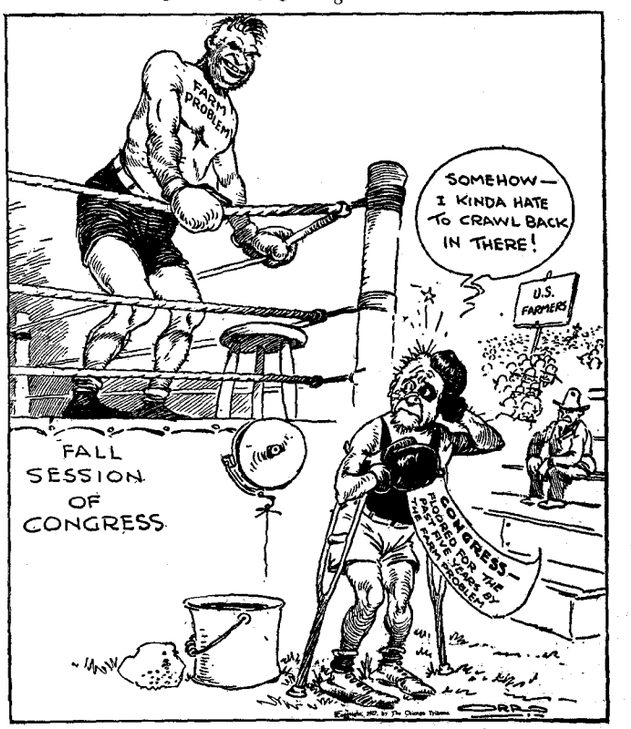
What's the use of having neighbors, if you can't borrow something from them?

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune


FARM PROBLEM
SOMEHOW— I KINDA HATE TO CRAWL BACK IN THERE!
U.S. FARMERS
FALL SESSION OF CONGRESS
CONGRESS— ADJOURNED FOR THE FIFTEEN YEARS BY THE FARM PROBLEM

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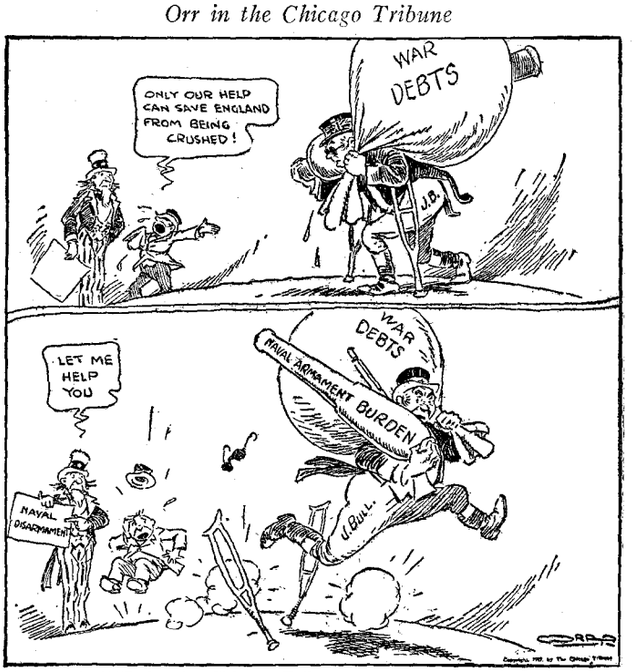
Another fellow who will attempt a "come-back"

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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Curing a hopeless cripple

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Knott in the Dallas News

Off the rocks at last!

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

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thousand people on trains have inquired with varying displays of irritation why it was necessary, if it really was necessary, to yank the daylights out of a passenger train in order to start it, the implication usually being that this results from pure cussedness on the part of the engineer. Occasionally this may be the case, but usually when an engineer yanks his train it is because the engine, which has enough "muscle" to keep it going once it has been started, has not enough muscle to start it gradually without the jerk. There is an additional starting load due to some sort of seal between axle, bearing, or journal and lubricant. Roller bearings, which reduce the starting load due to friction by 88 per cent, make up the difference; hence the train slides out of the station without fuss, like the silken trains of Europe, which are light enough to start smoothly with European locomotives despite added friction.

For years some of our railroads, notably the Pennsylvania, have experimented with roller bearings. It is therefore no half-worked-out innovation that the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is trying out between Chicago and Seattle on its Pioneer Limited and Olympian. We hope it will spread.

Peace or Truce?

WE asked in our last issue whether the New York subway strike, expected to begin a few hours after The Outlook went to press, would prove a war or a fizzle. It was neither; for it did not begin. Mayor Walker for the city and Samuel Untermyer for the Transit Commission persuaded the would-be combatants that a strike at this time would be helpful to nobody.

The victory for peace was the more remarkable in that no written agreement was made and neither side admits that it has receded from its original position —that is, the Interborough Rapid Transit insists that it will deal with its labor through the Brotherhood (or "company's union") and the Amalgamated (affiliated with the Federation of Labor) asserts that it is at liberty to sign up any of the men who wish to join it.

So it is a truce! But it has lasted a week without any break or any signs of renewed clashes.

Death by Automobile

IN eight years immediately following the World War the death toll taken by automobiles in America was greater than the death toll that had been taken in the American Army. The total American fatalities in the great World War were 120,050. The fatalities caused by automobiles in the United States from January 1, 1919, to December 31, 1926, were 137,017. These are the figures made public by the Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Of those who were killed by automobiles in the United States in that period 26 per cent were children under fifteen years of age. Though the exact number of deaths for the past year do not appear to have been totaled, the statisticians of the Automobile Chamber of Commerce estimate that 23,000 people lost their lives. This number is an increase of 1,000 over the year before. Since the Armistice the injuries from automobiles are set at 3,500,000.

The death list from automobiles shows no signs of shrinking. The Department of Commerce announces that during the four weeks ending July 16 automobile mishaps were responsible for 578 deaths in 77 cities, as compared with 482 in the corresponding period last year. New York City, though it led the list with 69 fatalities, had a drop of 5 from last year. Chicago, which in the corresponding period last year recorded 51 deaths, this year recorded 57.

The problem is one that is difficult of solution. Speed maniacs are not the most numerous offenders. As in the days of the horse, heavy trucks account for the killing of many children in the streets. The speeders usually kill themselves or their friends. In such cases the responsibility is their own. But in great part the cause of injury and death can be attributed to conditions of traffic. Not only does traffic congestion, constantly increasing, add to the public peril, but it reduces the economic value of the costly motor. Wider and better roads and more of them are needed. Highways designed for the horse are unsuited to the motor vehicle. There is need too for education in caution. There should be no toleration for either the bad road or the careless driver.

Not Exactly on Strike

WHEN we said in The Outlook for July 27 that the members of the Chicago Orchestra had gone on strike and the orchestra had been disbanded, we were not stating the facts exactly. The effect of what has happened to the members of that famous band is practically the same as if there had been a strike; but the situation in which the orchestral players find themselves is quite different from that of a strike and, from the point of view of the artist, more creditable. From Mrs. A. V. Powell, a subscriber to the Chicago Orchestra for twenty-five years, we have received the following account of what has happened:

> Far from "going on strike," the members of the orchestra have had no voice in the attempt of the Orchestral Association to arrange with the Musicians' Union for a new contract. The old one expired this summer. The officers of the union, through its president, presented an imperative demand for a one-year contract—instead of the usual one for two years—and for a hundred dollar a week basic pay. The Association replied that it had not the money to meet this demand, in fact, had been carrying a deficit, and showed its books to prove it. A suggested increase in the price of seats would fall far short of the amount needed, even if it did not reduce the number of subscribers.
>
> The president of the union refused to consider any reduction in the number of players, and when he was urged as a matter of civic pride not to wreck the orchestra is quoted as saying, "Damn civic pride!"
>
> The men of the orchestra, who were forced to join the union some years ago in order to obtain any outside engagements, have never been allowed to vote on the question of salaries or even discuss it in the union. So far as they have ventured to talk to reporters, they say they are satisfied with the old conditions. They are loyal to the orchestra and recognize the prestige their membership in it gives them. Mr. Stock has publicly stated that he supports the stand taken by the Association, as do subscribers, much as they deplore the temporary suspension of the great organization.
>
> The control of artists by a labor union is an unintelligent method of cultivating fine arts. Can we avoid it by government subsidies?

In answer to this last query we state again our opinion that subsidies are not in accordance with the traditions, customs, and habits of mind of the American people. If there is a way out from the precarious situation in which orchestras find themselves as long as they are dependent upon annual subscriptions, it is by means of an endowment. In principle there is no more reason for endowing a university or a museum than an orchestra. We should like to see the Chicago Orchestra put upon as enduring a foundation as that other great institution of Chicago, the Field Museum. We should like to see the members of it in the same relation to their work as that which is assured through endowment to

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the members of the Faculty of the University of Chicago.

Making a Political Football of a University

GOVERNOR ROLAND H. HARTLEY'S well-coached political team in the State of Washington has continued to use the University of Washington as its football.

When Dr. Henry Suzzallo was removed from the Presidency of the University last October, Governor Hartley brought under his control the administration of the University by reorganizing the Board of Regents. Of the seven Regents there is now only one of Governor Hartley's six appointees who has been confirmed by the Legislature. The others are recess appointments. This Board has chosen the former Dean of the University's School of Journalism, Dr. Matthew Lyle Spencer, as the University's President. That Dr. Spencer made an excellent Dean of the School of Journalism is generally acknowledged. Between his service as Dean and his appointment as President Dr. Spencer, who had made investments in newspapers—in some cases, we are told, acquiring control—devoted himself to his publishing interests and to work of writing and editing. He has been Vice-President of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and is now President of the Rotary Club of Seattle. He is also President of the Free Lance Club, an organization of writers. He is a native of Mississippi, received his bachelor's degree from Kentucky Wesleyan College, his master's degree from Northwestern University, and his doctor's degree in philosophy from the University of Chicago. Besides serving on the Faculty of Washington University he has been a teacher in other colleges. During the World War he was a captain. In an interview following the announcement of his selection as President of the University Dr. Spencer announced that he had disposed of most of his newspaper interests. Dr. Spencer's connection with the press of the State through former students in the School of Journalism who have been assisted by him in their careers as publishers of small newspapers gives him access to organs of public opinion. Just before Dr. Spencer was chosen President Mr. Fred W. Kennedy was erroneously announced as the newly chosen Dean of the School of Journalism. He remains instead as the director of the journalism laboratories. For sixteen years Mr. Kennedy has been field secretary of the Washington State Press Organization

Dr. Matthew Lyle Spencer, now President of the University of Washington

and has built up a strong organization of the country press in the State.

Washington is ordinarily overwhelmingly Republican; but now the party is divided, and that part of the party which is opposed to Governor Hartley is itself divided. At present the prospects are that Governor Hartley will be renominated next year; but it is not by any means certain that he will be reelected. In 1916 Washington elected a

Wide World

Roland H. Hartley, Governor of Washington

Democratic Governor, and in 1922 it elected the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate. The next gubernatorial election will be held in 1928, but the Board of Regents will hold office until the next State Legislature meets in two years. The Governor can remove Regents at will, and if a Democrat should succeed Governor Hartley, what has happened to the University in the last year would naturally lead to the appointment of a new set of Regents and a new change in the University's Presidency.

If the people of the State of Washington prize their University and their public school system, they will make it their first business to eliminate politics from the school system and more particularly from the University itself.

The Dragon and the Black Boxes

FOR many weeks now in the State of Indiana there has been the unedifying spectacle of a man who is serving a prison sentence on conviction for an atrocious and vile murder and at the same time bargaining or trying to bargain with the Government of the State. Those of our readers who recall Mr. Merritt's Special Correspondence article in The Outlook of December 8 last entitled "Klan and Anti-Klan in Indiana" will recall the wretched story of D. C. Stephenson's evil influence in State politics. He had been organizer and Grand Dragon of the Klan in the State, and always had used the organization for his own political benefit. At the time of the election of 1924 he had been deposed as Klan official, but his political influence continued.

There never has been any real question that this underground alliance between the Klan and politics was corrupt and brought shame upon Indiana.

Stephenson's attempts to sell his political secrets have repeatedly failed, because he was trying to get as much as possible in the way of pledges that his criminal sentence would be commuted. So from time to time we have had reports that the two black boxes containing correspondence relating to political corruptness were on the point of being opened or had been opened or that some letters had been opened and others not. Whether this convict-politician will ever tell the whole story seems doubtful. If he does, an inquiry into the corruption will undoubtedly take place. It is still believed that he is holding back the most important evidence. The sooner the whole matter is cleared up from top to

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bottom, the sooner will the political reputation of Indiana be restored.

Congress and Farmers Co-operate

EUROPEAN corn borers, which threatened to ruin our corn-growing industry, have received a serious jolt. Ninety-five per cent of these pests have just been exterminated.

Corn is our largest grain crop. We raise about three billion bushels of corn every year. That is about thirty bushels for every American. Hogs consume most of it. We consume the hogs. Without the corn crop the American Nation could not keep house. But corn borers like it too.

It is pretty hard to get people interested in crop pests. Crops are beset by this pest, and that pretty much of the time. It becomes an old story. Dire predictions are made. The crop suffers. Money is lost. But somehow nature usually manages to take care of the pest in due course of time. This is a habit nature had had for millions of years before man grew his first cultivated crop. When a pest gets bad, its own pests get worse and set it back. In time the crop comes back. But the corn borer is no ordinary pest. It is a real pest. It simply ruins whole corn-fields.

It took some first-class fighting to get Congress to appropriate $10,000,000 last spring to fight this worm. Comparatively speaking, Congress acted quickly, efficiently, generously. We refrain from saying "for once."

We Congratulate Some One

THE European corn borer is a white worm that eats its way upstairs through the stalk of the corn, enters the ears, devours the kernels, and kills what corn it fails to ruin. It came here in 1917 in some broom corn from Hungary. It spread like a grass fire. The worm becomes a butterfly, flies twenty miles, lays new eggs. More worms. This happens twice a season. In no time, seemingly—though the farmers have known all about it—the borer had got as far West as Indiana. Illinois and Iowa, the greatest of corn States, would be next. It was time to stop the fire.

The corn borer has been fought one round. Throughout April, May, June, the appropriated ten million dollars were at work. Farmers who grew corn last year burned completely the stubble, cobs, stalks, and trash. The Government reimbursed them for the labor. And now it is announced by the Department of Agriculture that ninety-five per cent of the corn refuse harboring corn-borer pupæ was cleaned up, burned, destroyed. It took gumption, diplomacy, sometimes threats, and occasional action to bring about this result. The farmers knew that, if necessary, the Government could do the work itself, charge it against them and collect. Most of them, however, saw the point, saw the significance of the menace, and did the job themselves, willingly, intelligently. Some one deserves commendation, presumably some one in the United States Department of Agriculture, for this auspicious beginning.

Of course the European corn borer has not yet been exterminated. More of the same kind of medicine is indicated for next year—though we hope not ten million dollars' worth of it this time. In any case, Mr. Congressman, another appropriation. We can't afford to risk losing three billion bushels of corn a year.

The New Stir in the Air

THE air accomplishment of this summer has been unequaled, and the interest in aviation has as a consequence advanced by great strides. Almost every day sees some new announcement as to plans for distant flights or for new records or for the building of airdromes and the multiplying of aviation fields.

Clarence Chamberlin's experimental flight from the Leviathan's deck a hundred miles out at sea to Curtis Field under bad weather conditions shows the feasibility of shortening by a day or even more the transit of mail between America and Europe, and it is quite possible that a few passengers may shorten their journey by an air-jump at the end. The manager of the United States Line, to which the Leviathan belongs, goes so far as to say that it promises to revolutionize ocean travel. Already other lines and ships are taking up the idea—among others the beautiful new French liner, the Ile de France.

It is not a new thing for a plane to take off from a ship; but Chamberlin's flight was the first from a passenger liner and as the forerunner of regular service.

Among other impending events in the air world are the competitive flight from California to Hawaii for the Dole prize of $25,000, to be started any time after August 12; the flight from Dallas, Texas, to Hongkong for the $25,000 prize offered by Robert Easterwood, of Dallas, with two stops allowed; Bertaud's proposed non-stop flight from New York to Rome; Fonck and Curtin's attempt to fly from New York on the forty-fifth parallel of latitude with hopes of reaching Constantinople. Courtney's transatlantic flight westward is still held up by weather conditions as we write; the plans of Levine and Drouhin to fly westward from France are held up by uncertainty as to who is to go and who isn't.

This is certainly going to be a banner year both in air deeds and aviation plans.

A Fire Fight in the Air

AS the conquest of the air goes on, adventures, tragedies, and escapes multiply and in time bid fair to rival those of the sea.

Most singular and startling of these air tales—and one with a happy ending—is that of Lieutenant Champion, of the Navy fliers. He was trying to beat the French altitude record of 40,820 feet. Probably he was beyond it—say nine miles up—soaring high over Washington, when his motor blazed with fire. Then came a fight with death. The airman kept his presence of mind, worked his controls with skill, and dropped unharmed in a corn-patch near Bolling Field.

The escape was a marvel. Moreover, Champion saved, clutched in his hand, one of the two sealed barographs which were to indicate the height reached. One certainly hopes that he gained his record, and it seems probable that he did so. At all events, this young aviator's coolness and resource in face of danger were wonderful. Seven of the plane's nine cylinders exploded, flames were lapping him around, but for his expert battling with a "dead stick" he would surely have perished, and his fixed determination not to jump and lose his barograph held firm to the last.

There are heroes of the air in peace as well as in war.

Walter J. Travis

WALTER J. TRAVIS made golfing history. To reach the heights in any sport which is taken up after first youth is over is a phenomenal thing. Yet Travis began golf at the age of thirty-five and won the American Amateur Championship three times and the British once. He was the first American citizen to gather this British trophy. A thorough sportsman, he approached the game that he loved with a scientific

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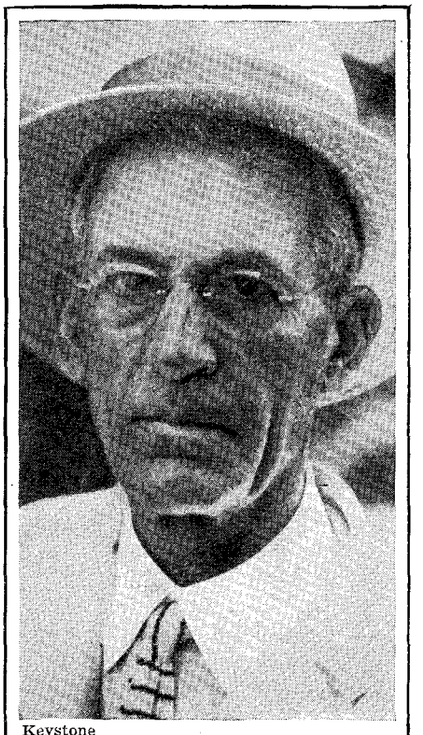
spirit. He liked both the niceties of play and the niceties of etiquette. By the maintenance of the strictest standards he did much to keep American play upon the highest possible level. It is a tribute to the game of golf that it attracts and holds men of the temperament and character of Walter J. Travis.

A British Administrator

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, who died in England on July 31, in his seventieth year, was a man of varied abilities and tastes—he had been explorer, traveler, pioneer, hunter, scientist, painter, and author. But his chief claim to fame was as administrator of vast tracts in British Equatorial Africa. His part in the acquisition and rulership of East Africa, Uganda, and other countries was important. No one but Cecil Rhodes, with whom Johnston clashed at least once, did more than Johnston to establish British colonial power in Africa. Sir Harry was erratic and temperamental, but his serious study and his desire for justice were paramount. Theodore Roosevelt in a signed editorial in The Outlook relating to Johnston's book on "The Negro in the New World" said of him: "He is a trained scientific observer, desirous to ascertain the facts exactly as they are, with an extraordinary fund of knowledge and remarkable insight and power of getting at the kernel of things. . . . He has a fine fearlessness and love of truth, and a generous scorn of all that is mean or base or hypocritical, and especially of cruelty in every form; yet he is a practical man and no mere sentimentalist."

In the field of fiction Sir Harry startled conservative readers by his two novels called "The Gay-Dombeys" and "Mrs. Warren's Daughter." In each he took the singular literary idea of carrying on the story of another author, introducing the young people in later life and dealing with their descendants. The two books so developed or continued were, of course, Dickens's "Dombey and Son" and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Shaw did not object and Dickens's admirers, although they found the sequel to the life of Dickens's Florence and Walter rather footless, were not disturbed. Sir Harry also introduced in these novels under slight disguise actual people well known in English politics and society, so that the stories were a little audacious as well as ingenious in subject. No one was badly hurt and many readers were decidedly amused.



Keystone

Walter J. Travis
1862–1927

What's News to a Wet?

A SHORT while ago Major Augustus Heise, Assistant Prohibition Director of the district with headquarters in New York City, was charged by a man on trial for bribery and violation of the Prohibition Law with having used torture as a means of extracting evidence. The charges against Major Heise were put under large headlines on the front pages of several New York newspapers and made the theme of editorials denouncing the Prohibition Law and the methods by which it is enforced. Congressman La Guardia demanded an investigation of the charges by a Federal Grand Jury.

The investigation by the Grand Jury was promptly arranged for, and it found that there were "no facts sufficiently important to warrant the allegations of any criminal action on the part of Major Heise, but that he acted throughout in an earnest endeavor to serve the ends of judgment."

New York papers which had spread the original charges in the headlines buried the account of Major Heise's exoneration in the body of their journals. The exoneration of a prohibition officer seems to have little news value in the New York press, even when the charges against him have been broadcast to the four winds.

It is discrimination of this character which makes the dry section of the country look with distrust upon the wet arguments of New York. We think that the drys are more ready to recognize the shortcomings of prohibition than they were a few years ago; but biased news treatment of prohibition does not encourage people of dry leanings to accept constructive criticism. The editorial opinion of metropolitan journals which fail to give the Prohibition Law a square deal in their news columns won't have much influence in the country at large.

Why Let Our Forests Burn?

HALF a billion dollars in timber go up in flame each year.

We take that statement, in substance, from an article in the organ of the American Forestry Association—in the very issue of that organ, by the way, which contained an attack upon The Outlook for a criticism of the Forest Service. Mr. E. T. Allen, the author of that article, even goes beyond that figure. He says in this article, which was published over two years ago, that "our annual fire bill is well over $500,000,000 a year;" that the amount of our annual fire bill is growing, and is "very largely, if not wholly, preventable!"

What such a loss means let Mr. Allen explain. In the drier months, he says, there are two or three hundred new forest fires a day. In the course of a year fifty thousand of them are recorded. "Lining up the 50,000 so they touch," says Mr. Allen, "they extend 32,784 miles; so each year we run ten lines of fire, each two-thirds of a mile wide, across this country from coast to coast." Or let Mr. Allen describe it in another way:

> If riot or invasion should sweep this country, killing unprotected settlers, plundering banks and treasuries of $100,000,000 of the people's savings and business capital, and, by destroying the basis of commercial enterprise, reduce our income by hundreds of millions more, the catastrophe would startle the world. If this disaster should threaten to recur the following year and every year thereafter, annually taking half a billion dollars from our people, paralyzing our industries, threatening future famine, and, worse still, destroying by millions of acres the very productivity of our lands, which alone can avert it, the situation would be unbearable. It would dominate every mind. All else would be forgotten in preparation for defense.

Of the ten million acres which are

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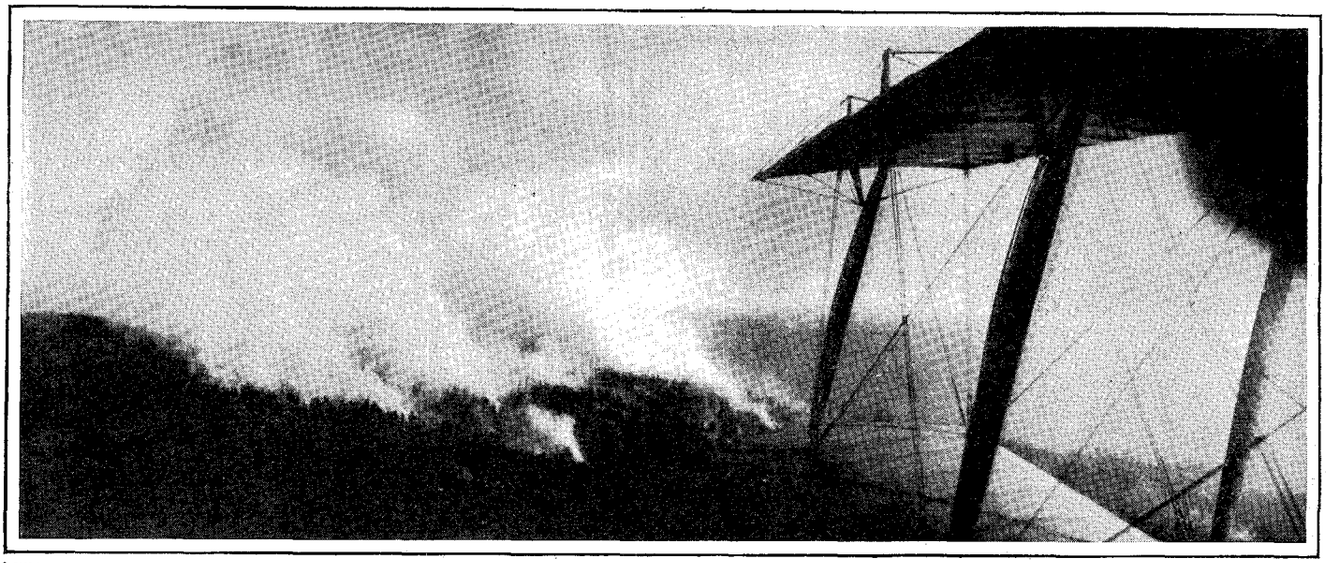

Acme

Where fire stalks through the high hills

burned over annually only a part are under the care of the Forest Service. But that picture drawn by Mr. Allen indicates the seriousness of the fire menace to our timber resources and the indifference of the American people to that menace. According to the Forestry Almanac, the total net area of our National Forests (that is, area exclusive of alienated land within Forest boundaries) is 158,395,056 acres. Of these, for over a period of five years, according to the Forester's Report, an average of 391,501 acres were burned in forest fires. But these figures give no true idea as to the proportion of the timber in our National Forests that is annually devastated by fire; for our National Forests consist not only of trees but to a very large extent of treeless plains and equally treeless mountain crags and peaks. And even when allowance is made for this fact, the damage done by forest fires in our National Forests is not yet seen in its true proportions. The real question is how much of the merchantable timber goes each year. And even then, if we could learn that, we should not yet see clearly the extent of damage to the National Forests by fire. Dr. J. J. Crumley in his recent book, "Constructive Forestry for the Private Owner," says: "In the wake of a forest fire the damage is threefold. It burns or defaces some marketable timber, destroys more saplings and seedlings, and it damages the soil. The last two are usually of far greater importance than the first, but are more apt to be passed over without much thought." He then explains, not only how the young trees are hurt so that even those that survive are likely to grow up with hollow or defective trunks, but also how the fire destroys the "cream of the soil," burns the leaves that hold back water from hard rains, and often leaves a region subject to erosion. These facts supply the reason for the articles which we are publishing, beginning in this issue, by a former Forest supervisor, Arthur M. Baum.

He knows about forest fires, for he has been on the fire line. The man to whom the country owes the creation of the Forest Service, Gifford Pinchot, has graphically told what it means to be on the fire line in a National Forest. In his book, "The Training of a Forester," he tells this story:

> Take, for example, the case of Ranger Edward C. Pulaski, of the Cœur d'Alene National Forest, stationed at Wallace, Idaho. Pulaski had charge of forty Italians and Poles. He had been at work with them for many hours, when the flames grew to be so threatening that it became a question of whether he could save his men. The fire was traveling faster than the men could make their way through the dense forest, and the only hope was to find some place into which the fire could not come. Accordingly Pulaski guided his party at a run through the blinding smoke to an abandoned mine he knew of in the neighborhood. When they reached it, he sent the men into the workings ahead of him, hung a wet blanket across the mouth of the tunnel, and himself stood there on guard. The fierce heat, the stifling air, and their deadly fear drove some of the foreigners temporarily insane, and a number of them tried to break out. With drawn revolver Pulaski held them back. One man did get by him and was burned to death. Many fainted in the tunnel. The ranger himself, more exposed than any of his men, was terribly burned. He stood at his post, however, for five hours, until the fire had passed, and brought his party through without losing a single man except that one who got out of the tunnel, although his own injuries were so severe that he was in the hospital for two months as a result of them.

Mr. Pinchot, who wrote this over thirteen years ago, adds that "the record of the Forest Service in these terrible fires is one of which every Forester may well be proud." But heroism of this sort is not enough. Indeed, heroism should be rewarded by organization that will minimize and as far as possible avert such dangers in the future. And so long as such a large proportion of our National Forests are destroyed by fire, so long will the need be to see that the rangers who risk their lives are provided with all that a rich country can afford to supply them.

This is not something that can be corrected by any one man. It is not wholly within the power of the Forest Service as it is now to remedy the defects which permit this destruction. Ultimately the responsibility for a policy that in the name of economy lets our forest resources burn up rests upon Congress.

But, after all, the responsibility does not rest even on Congress. It rests upon the people of the United States. As Dr. Crumley says in the book from which we have already quoted, "the damage done by fire is very much underestimated in America because of the attitude of the people towards the forests. To the pioneer the forest was a hindrance. The farmer of recent times even, after he has marketed the larger timber, looks with indifference upon what remains. . . . With the existence of such an attitude, is it any wonder that we are so careless about forest fires?"

So far this year the public has not been astounded and horrified by any such great calamity by forest fire as that which has marked each of several excep-

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tional years. Must we wait for another such calamity in order to be stirred to demand of Congress that it reorganize the Forest Service and reform its own forest policy?

A Prior Prophecy

FIVE years ago The Outlook thought it had made a discovery. We now find, like many other experimenters, that our discovery was even in 1922 almost past the age of wearing rompers. It was at that date that The Outlook reported as a pioneer effort the fact that one of its friends had evolved the notion of renting pictures instead of buying them. The incident which The Outlook commented upon was an actual transaction between a picture lover and an artist, a transaction which, by the way, afterwards resulted in the purchase of the hired picture. So far as The Outlook knew at the time, the experiment had never been tried before.

This is what we said in the course of an editorial on the subject in The Outlook for May 31 of that year:

> So far as we know, one of The Outlook's friends has pioneered in an effort to solve this problem—a problem which possibly dates back to the days of Phidias. Not long since an artist of his acquaintance dropped in for an evening's chat. They started discussing the market for pictures, and our friend took the artist to task for his lack of business acumen.
>
> "The trouble with you artists," he said, "is that you are a lot of misers. You are like men who hoard their money in an old sock stuffed away in the eaves. You ought to make your capital productive. Now take your own case. You have twenty or thirty pictures piled up in your studio, and I'll wager you won't sell more than three or four during the coming year. Why don't you rent the things and let them bring you in an income instead of doing nothing but collecting A1 samples of New York dust?"
>
> "That's a grand idea," said the artist, "but who would we rent them to?" Lest the eagle eyes of The Outlook's proof-readers modify the foregoing sentence by adding an "m" to who, the editors of The Outlook wish to state that the artist did use the nominative form and, in the interests of that strict accuracy for which we hope we are famous, the "m" must remain mute. The artist of whom we are speaking generally, we believe, uses correct grammar, but we should recollect that his excitement at his friend's proposition was doubtless intense. This moot question being settled, let us return to the friend.
>
> "I will," said the friend, with all the responsiveness of one of the chief participants in the story of cock-robin. "I will. Send me down that painting I looked at yesterday and I'll give you six per cent of your asking price for the privilege of hanging it on my walls for a year. I'll insure it, and if I like it after living with it I may buy it when the year is through. Or I may rent another picture from you when the year is up. Whichever I do, you will be earning six per cent on your investment of brains, and that is more than some people get out of the stock market."

Now there comes to hand a copy of Lee Simonson's "Minor Prophecies," a group of stimulating essays republished by Harcourt, Brace & Co. And in this volume we find, with the date of its original publication given as 1917, an essay, "The Painter's Ark," inspired by the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in New York. "With every year," wrote Mr. Simonson, "the practice of selling paintings is becoming more difficult because more of an anachronism, a consequence of the painter's anomalous attempt still to exist on the Renaissance basis of patron and servant. A few princes and cardinals bent on decorating their palaces have been supplanted by a few millionaires to whom pictures are a hobby and a heterogeneous bourgeoisie for whom pictures are a part of their furniture. The millionaire can afford to hang more pictures than he can actually live with, just as his racing stable may contain more horses than he can ride. But the bourgeoisie, moving from one apartment to another, from hotels in winter to country houses during the summer, from houses to apartments and back again, are a migratory class and cannot encumber themselves with collections of paintings. To insist that they ought to buy them is as futile as to insist that they must own every dwelling they inhabit. Until they can have pictures on the same terms as they have their houses or their flats, they will, as a class, do without them. The picture market will remain limited to those who own mansions, in the main a conservative class, patronizing the established painter rather than the innovator.

"The alternative is of course to rent pictures rather than to sell them. In no other way can a class of picture owners, in an industrial community, be encouraged to keep pace with the production of new schools. For, to hang an example of Cubism on one's walls, or a still-life in the manner of Cézanne, is, for almost every one, an experiment. The certainty even for a collector, that the picture which he likes to-day, he will enjoy five years hence, is an expert sense acquired usually only after years of systematic collecting and many failures. And every one who has grown tired of his wall-paper, his furniture or his bookplate, hesitates to venture an initial investment of two or three hundred dollars when a modern picture at an exhibition arouses his enthusiasm. It is idle to expect the public as a whole to acquire new experiences at a cost which penalizes their willingness to experiment."

According to the review by Van Wyck Brooks in the current "Commonweal," Mr. Simonson's suggestion has been worked out practically by the Chicago Galleries Association. We had heard rumors too that a group of Canadian artists had also put the plan to rent their pictures into effect. We shall be interested to learn the extent and success of experiments made in the direction of renting paintings. The idea is an excellent one, even if The Outlook didn't originate it.

Even on a Cunarder

THE Outlook is not alone in lamenting the passing of good sea terms. As its readers will remember, a week ago we published an editorial entitled "Lubberizing the Sea." It was a plea for the use of exact and customary terminology by those who go upon the waters. Apparently the seamen of ocean liners as well as yachtsmen grow careless in this mechanical age. A news item in a recent issue of the New York "Times" quotes the senior medical officer of the great Cunard liner Aquitania as saying: "The crews no longer talk of going aft or forward, but say they are going to the front or to the end of the ship. Right and left are used instead of starboard and port. I hear members of the crew frequently say: 'I am going upstairs' or 'downstairs' instead of 'above' or 'below.'

"No one says, 'I am going on deck.' They say 'outside' or 'inside.' I heard a woman ask her steward if he had seen her husband, and he replied, 'Yes, mum, he's just gone up on the roof.' "

Perhaps the naval architects, or at least the decorators of the great liners, are in part to blame for the changes which Dr. Jones properly deplores. They have done the best that they could to make the liners look like great hotels. Why should lift boys on liners think of their journeys to and fro in other than shore terms? What is to differentiate their task from that of landlubbers whose vertical voyage runs from basement to roof garden? Why should they think in terms of holds and upper decks?

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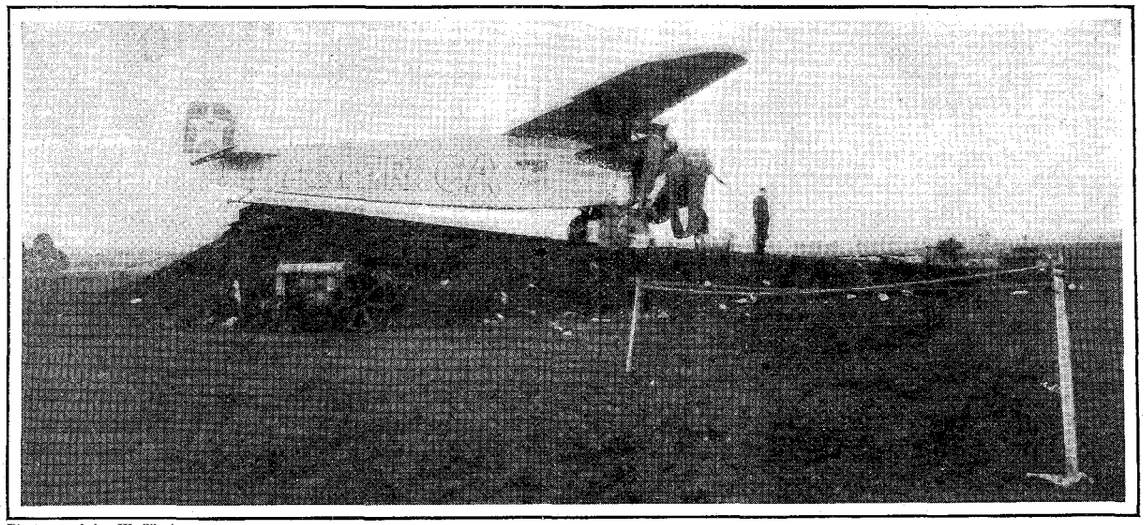

Photograph by W. Thalen

Commander Byrd's plane on its fixed incline, just before starting for Europe

A Scheme for a Flying-Field

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

AFTER Commander Byrd completed his hazardous flight to France with his crew in the America, he said in an interview in Paris that one great need in long-distance aviation is a proper field for the take-off. The difficulties that Colonel Lindbergh faced in lifting his heavily loaded Spirit of St. Louis from a bumpy and soggy grass field had made the need evident. So had the delays which repeatedly disappointed both Commander Byrd's party and Chamberlin and Levine —delays often due to the fact that the take-off could only be from a fixed incline. The fliers had to wait, not only for promising general weather conditions, but for a favorable wind.

The development of regular long-distance air service, as Commander Byrd has emphasized, must depend partly upon provision of suitable fields, designed to facilitate starting on schedule in any weather that will permit flying.

Two essentials, obviously, are a long runway over a hard, smooth surface, to make certain of getting large and weightily burdened planes safely off the ground, and an arrangement to make it feasible always to take off into the wind. Commander Byrd was reported as proposing the construction of large concrete fields, in order to guarantee a good surface, and a movable incline so that from it an airplane could face the wind.

The need of using concrete may be debatable. One aviator of long experience has expressed the opinion that a field of hard gravel, on a carefully laid bed, would be at least equally serviceable. The cost of construction would obviously be less, and, while some expenditure for upkeep would be involved, there would be no risk of the cracking or upheaving of any part of the surface due to the effects of weather or shifting ground pressure.

The right plan for a take-off always into the eye of the wind is the real problem. One solution proposed is based on the principle of the weather-vane—a central starting-point, either a raised mound or a revolving incline, from which an airplane could be headed into a wind from any direction. The disadvantage of this solution is that it involves doubling the size of the field, in order to give a run of the required length to any point of the compass.

A circular field with a light track running around its edge, along which an incline mounted on a truck could move on wheels, offers an economical solution. On the rolling incline a plane could be headed into any wind. For its run before getting into the air it would always have the same distance—the full diameter of the field. From hangars which could be located conveniently at the edge of the field planes could be taken out directly upon the movable incline, ready for transportation to the proper point for the start of the flight. It is the principle of the weather-vane reversed and applied to the problem of making long-distance air transport more easily practicable.

Science Shakes the Plum Tree

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

Perhaps you think that the only way the Government affects your daily life is through the income tax. Read this article and you will find you are mistaken

WHEN Mollie, the wife, last fall got to looking about that fair to dull old place they called home with intent to brighten it up, her eye fell upon the radiator (suffering no fracture in the process), stern and melancholy in its corner. She visualized it a changed thing, a creature of glowing bright new gold. She hurried around to the paint shop, asked for snappy radiator gilt, with a can of silver for variety, laid down a scheme of one radiator glorified each day, and soon all of them between cellar and garret were neatly burnished.

But Mollie had made a costly mistake. Her gold and silver paint was aluminum paint, and aluminum does not let the

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heat through. Putting it on the radiator kept heat locked up inside those pipes, so it couldn't get out into her rooms. A radiator so painted goes more than halfway toward ceasing to be a radiator. It radiates less than half the heat it would have if unpainted, or if painted with white lead, which lets the warmth through. Heat is radiated and convected into a room. This paint did not interfere with convection, but it torpedoed radiation.

So John burned much more coal last year than should have been necessary. He was not alone, however, in this mistake. Nearly everybody's radiator is painted with aluminum. I have just visited the homes of fourteen of my own friends. In twelve of them the radiators are so covered. I shudder to think of the unnecessary addition to the coal bill of the Nation each year that is due to paint wrongly applied to radiators. I am hurrying out to tell of this mistake that people may begin to avoid it. It is as though ten thousand houses were on fire and I had an extinguisher that would put them all out. Lend a hand, will you, in getting the word around?

THE discovery was due to science. In Washington there is a Bureau of Standards maintained by the Government. It is a part of the Department of Commerce which has of late, under the guidance of Mr. Herbert Hoover, seen a great light, has come to believe that its proper province is to render to the public a dollar service, to save it money, make it money. It has found, for instance, that building regulations in many cities require that certain brick walls should be twice as thick as is necessary. Stupendous sums are spent unnecessarily in so building them. It has found that the useless complications in the manufacture of garden hose, as an example of another type of waste, largely due to production of unnecessary varieties, makes that hose cost the user, when he comes to sprinkle his grass, twenty-five per cent more than it should. It has set about removing such wastes, believing that in a year or two, with a bit of sympathetic co-operation, it can spike enough of them to save the people all the money it spends in taxes.

But these are apart from the present story. Here we have to do with those savings to the people that can be brought about by the application of pure science to every-day problems.

The discovery of this paint folly came about in an interesting way. There was an individual out at the Bureau, a simon-pure scientist, whose business it was to record the heat of the stars. The public does not see quickly the practicability of its tax money being spent for such work. It does not give a darn how much or how little heat we get from Jupiter. But as a matter of fact these scientists are prospecting for gold with the possibility of finding a pay pocket every time they stick in their picks.

The War Department asked the Bureau of Standards how it could keep the inside of army tents from getting so hot. It was a problem that had existed for generations. The question was referred to this scientist, who studied the heat of the stars. He answered and said that painting them with aluminum paint would do the trick, as heat did not flow easily from aluminum paint. The advice was followed, and found to work. This abstract scientist had earned pay for a lifetime right there. His mind naturally turned to other possibilities of using aluminum paint to keep out the heat. Paint ice wagons with it, he suggested. Paint the inside of your attic, or your golf cap. But do not paint with aluminum objects that you want to give out heat. Do not paint radiators. Here was a negative application of the knowledge obtained that in immediate dollars and cents is worth all the rest.

GOVERNOR Smith owes it to the Catholic Church to withdraw from the Presidential race—that is the earnest plea of a devout Catholic of deep-rooted Americanism. It will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook.

There are many other concrete examples of savings made as a result of the application of science. Science has often shaken the plum tree. One could begin almost anywhere. Concrete itself is a good example. The Government had been building revetments along the Mississippi River—thrusting stern arms of concrete out into the stream to narrow its channel that it might scour itself clean instead of depositing its silt and raising its own level. The concrete slabs of which the revetments were built were made on the spot. After the gravel and cement were mixed it was necessary to wait five days for them to harden. How could this wait be shortened?

After extensive experiments the scientists reported back. If the concrete mixers would stir in four per cent of calcium chloride the mixture would harden more quickly. It should be ready for ordinary uses in one day instead of five. The engineers on the Mississippi stated that this information saved them $500 a day on this one job. But its bigger usefulness is in the building trades, where foundations of concrete are being laid and the rest of the work must wait upon their hardening. The mere interest on the money tied up in the sites of New York skyscrapers while concrete hardens would amount to fortunes for ordinary men.

I WAS told of the experiments with automobile brake linings. How, the Bureau was asked, could they be kept from burning out? This led to an investigation of the whole subject of brake linings. They were made chiefly of asbestos woven into cotton with binders of either asphalt or rubber. The problem was one of heat resistance.

First a machine was built by the use of which brake linings could be subjected to the conditions they must endure going down long hills. On this machine any brake lining could be burned out. Its endurance could be measured. That was the real test. The problem was to work out a formula for the ingredients of brake linings that would be most heat resistant. This was done and the new linings tested. It is considered a conservative estimate when it is said that the life of brake linings on the automobiles of the Nation were doubled by these experiments. If this estimate is true, then the automobile users were saved some $10,000,000 a year. But what is probably more important is the fact that the manufacturers have set up these testing machines in their factories and have thus been enabled to continue the development of better brake linings.

The Government during the war bought several hundred thousand dollars' worth of dry-cell batteries somewhat like those used in most households to make the door-bell ring. It did not use them immediately, and when it got around to them they were all worthless. Would the Bureau of Standards please take these batteries apart and find out why they were no good? Then would it write the specifications for batteries that were better?

It was a chemist's job, of course. There were the contents of the dry cell and there was the container. They should sit tight in their narrow cell for the longest possible time, without reacting on each other, so that current would cease to be producible. The dry cells that the American people used each year cost $150,000,000. How greatly could the usefulness of that investment be increased?

In the end the Bureau of Standards wrote specifications for dry cells. The proof of their excellence lies in the fact that the whole producing industry has adopted them. When you replace those cells on that hidden little shelf high up on the walls of your basement, you will

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undoubtedly get new ones made to meet the Government specifications. They will probably last you twice as long as did their predecessors. If they last but ten per cent longer, that percentage on an item of $150,000,000 is $15,000,000 a year, and it costs only $2,000,000 a year to run the whole Bureau.

Then there was electrolysis of gas and water mains, which sounds rather technical and difficult. It means that gas and water mains were going to pieces and that loose electricity in the ground was responsible for it. When an electric wire is run out from the plant to your house, the end of it is struck into the ground or hitched to something that will carry the current from it into the ground. Then that current runs back to the plant through the ground. That completes the circuit. Current would not light your lamps nor ring your telephone if this circuit did not exist. If the electricity did not go back through the ground another wire to carry it back would have to be strung, which would complicate matters.

But this electricity in the ground affects the gas and water mains. Positive electricity does not hurt them, as it draws particles to them. Negative electricity, however, causes them to give off particles. In doing so they suffer electrolysis. They go to pieces. If you want to save the water and gas pipes, you must see to it that they are charged with positive electricity. This is quite easy. The Bureau of Standards discovered the cause of this electrolysis and worked out the solution. It mastered the problem and contributed its findings to the industry, thus preventing innumerable breaks in these pipes, the repair and replacement of which would have been borne by the consumer when he paid his gas and water bills.

There are problems everywhere. The efficiency of the electric light, for instance, is three per cent. The firefly has the most efficient lighting plant in the world, but who would be so silly as to fiddle around with fireflies? Yet increasing light efficiency from three to four per cent would save the Nation hundreds of millions a year.

HERE is a problem that is more obviously practical. The Bureau of Standards built a walking machine. Then it took a typical cowhide and cut it up into shoe soles. It made a careful record of the part of the hide from which each sole came. It arranged a typical pavement, applied a typical weight, provided the accustomed scour of walking. It put each piece of leather on the walking machine and started it going. It speeded up the machine. Each piece of leather was walked until it wore out. Thus was it possible to determine the part of the cowhide which yielded most enduring sole leather. The results were checked in actual practice by putting soles from different parts of the cowhide, one on the right and one on the left foot of policemen, postmen, clerks, soldiers, who cooperated with the Bureau. As a result the industry now knows the part of the cowhide from which to cut the most durable sole leather and how to use each part for the purpose it can best serve, a fact that adds weeks to the wear of the shoes of all who use them.

This practical co-operation between science and the problems of the people is yielding results in ways too numerous to mention. The Bureau, for instance, helped stop that hurt in your teeth when you eat ice-cream. The trouble was that you had fillings in your teeth, and these fillings did not contract and expand to heat and cold to just the extent that the enamel of your teeth did. So when you took ice-cream and coffee, thus greatly agitating this capacity for expansion and contraction, these materials fought desperately, and hurt you in the process. The Bureau worked out formula for materials for tooth fillings that would act in better unison with enamel.

The chipping of enamel ware was saved by the same principle. When enamel was put on iron and the utensil resulting was exposed to varying degrees of heat and cold, the contractions or expansions were different and the enamel cracked and peeled. The problem was the same as that of fillings for teeth—to get more nearly equal expansion by two materials. The Bureau worked it out, and the enamel ware of the Nation was greatly improved.

IN citing but one final example of accomplishment may I note the approach of science to so practical a problem as that of measuring the warmth of blankets? When the housewife goes to the store for blankets at the approach of autumn, what she wants to buy is warmth. Which blankets, for the money, will furnish most warmth? That is her problem.

Just this problem faced the War Department in buying blankets for its Army. Would the Bureau of Standards test these blankets which manufacturers sought to sell it and tell it which would keep soldiers warmest?

Not many people stop to think out a simple problem like that of why blankets keep them warm. If they went back to the fundamental reason for getting cold, they would find that it lay in the loss of heat by radiation from the body. That he may avoid getting cold one envelops himself in garments through which heat does not pass. The warmest blanket is that which lets least bodily heat get away.

But it is not the material of which a blanket is made that causes it to keep the heat in. It is the fact that it is so woven that it holds layers of air. If a man could trap a layer of air about him, he would never get cold. Air is a nonconductor of heat. The blanket is but a framework to hold this layer of air. It is a good blanket exactly to the extent that it does so, and therefore does not let the warmth get away.

These men of science stretched up these blankets that were to be tested, put heat on one side of them, measured with their delicate instruments just how much of it came through. That measure was the real test of a blanket.

It is not wool in a blanket that causes it to keep its owner warm. It is the air chamber. Wool is a convenient material to weave into these adjustable air pockets or chambers. A properly woven cotton blanket, however, is just as warm. The whole problem is the construction of the air chamber. One woolen blanket may be warmer than another weighing twenty-five per cent more. The extra wool in the heavy blanket is wasted. A cheap blanket may keep you warmer than an expensive one. It has been more understandingly woven. New cotton blankets at one-fourth the price may be as warm as wool.

There is danger, however, that cotton when washed will lose the proper air-trapping chamber form. The problem in making cotton blankets as effective as wool lies in developing a cleaning process that will not break down their original framework.

The possibilities of such investigations are obvious. They should demonstrate to industry the fundamentals back of blanket building. They should lighten the weight under which humanity slumbers. They should save the wool that goes into heavy blankets that are no warmer than light ones. They should show the possibilities that lie in cotton blankets. They should get more warmth out of less material. They should make blankets cheaper to the whole public. They should demonstrate principles that may be applied elsewhere.

IN these days of large production industry the scientist often finds a place in the plant. He is coming to be used. Rarely, however, is he used to the maximum. It is often surprising to find how little he is used. In his absence this Government scientific bureau is lending what assistance it may to the end that the citizen may continue to get more and more benefits from the laboratory.

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Cruisers

Editorial Correspondence from the Naval Conference at Geneva

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE Tri-Power Naval Conference here has had a poor press. The ultimate causes may have been armament purveyors, dismayed at a possible fall in the market, or other opponents of arms limitation—I do not know. But each day of late any manifestation of national "spunk" has been exaggerated into mountain size. We have been informed that the Conference was struggling in an atmosphere of insufferable intolerance and was actually being smothered to death.

Few critics have seemed disposed to credit the three nations involved with what, knowing their representatives here, I believe to be their sincere desire, namely, to place naval expenditure on a decreasing and fairly discriminating basis.

The Conference has had its very serious difficulties, all the same. Should they prove, for the moment, insurmountable, no one of the three Powers would dream of falling into panic. All would be animated by a spirit of "try, try again."

American Conditions

NAVAL expenditure is applied to bases on shore and vessels at sea.

Among the latter are battleships, destroyers, submarines, and, particularly, cruisers. Surprising as it may seem to many, perhaps to most, to protect our commerce it would appear, according to an article in a recent Outlook, that America needs more cruisers than does any other Power, and this whether viewed from a standpoint of trade, fueling stations, National wealth, protection of colonies, or merchant marine.

Moreover, as we have relatively few fueling stations, we need relatively larger-sized ships.

Thus American conditions were more than ever of moment when the President of the United States summoned a new Naval Conference. At it England, America, and Japan were represented by full-powered delegates; France and Italy, by observers only.

What Mr. Gibson Said

WHEN, early in June, the Conference met, the Hon. Hugh Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium, our first delegate, was made presiding officer. He offered our Government's suggestion of continuing the battleship tonnage ratio, fixed by the Washington Conference of 1922 for America, Great Britain, and Japan, namely, 5–5–3, to the auxiliary craft of those Powers.

Cruisers form the chief item in that class. They are followed by destroyers and submarines.

Mr. Gibson propounded the view that the fairest limitation was that of the total tonnage of each of these classes. Within such total, he declared, each country would be free to choose the type and numbers of vessels it considered best for its special needs, arising from geographical position, overseas commitments, national security, etc. The proposition had the advantage of great clearness and cogency.

What Mr. Bridgeman Said

BUT Britain objected that a total-tonnage basis would settle nothing. Mr. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty and first British delegate, said:

> Total tonnage is like a pie. It may be a good thing, but it all depends on what is inside it. The mere fixation of total tonnage is perfectly useless unless accompanied by individual limits. There is no other way of preventing competition in building except by agreement on the maximum size of each type.

This, indeed, as well as the maximum gun caliber (for, of course, the whole question of the displacement and permissible caliber of guns is involved) had been supposed to be not unsympathetic to some Americans, as distinguished from the French, at the April meeting of the Preparatory Commission here under the auspices of the League of Nations to prepare for a General Arms Limitation Conference (the League is not responsible for the present Conference). But the American position, with its emphasis on total tonnage first and types and numbers afterwards, is now perfectly clear to every one.

Again, another Englishman remarked:

> Suppose we should agree for ourselves and for you on 400,000 tons of cruisers, each, as a proper total, and you carry your point of not divulging just how you are going to split it up, and we find that you have given a large majority proportion to eight-gun vessels of 10,000 tons, proper for work with fleets. That means, of course, an overwhelming superiority of force for you. For what kind of a show would our 400,000 tons make? Why, we need a six-inch-gun cruiser, proper for commerce protection, for every 2,500 miles of our immensely long lines of communication. Now, after supplying ourselves with the necessarily very large number of little cruisers, how much tonnage would there be left to spend on big cruisers, those eight-inch-gun affairs, with their superiority of 2½–1, over the six-inch-gun cruisers. Yet we ought to have fifteen of them, anyway. Besides, we should need a few aircraft carriers and mine-layers; they should also be included in the cruiser class. Thus we really ought to have a cruiser total of some 600,000 tons.

What the Japanese Think

AS the present British cruiser strength is reported to be about 387,000 tons, a 600,000 estimate is regarded by some long-distance critics as a mere basis for bargaining. It should settle down to something really reasonable to which the British would like to add a definite building program.

Or, on the other hand, as Viscounts Saito and Ishii cleverly propose, cruisers and destroyers may ultimately be lumped together, thus providing all auxiliaries in two classes only, surface and submarine, and into a total tonnage within whose limits there would be greater liberty of emphasis, whether of type or numbers; there would be more chance of reaching the object of the Conference—limitation, reduction, economy. This comes with special impact from Japan, which, of the three Powers, is the least able to afford the luxury of a much-cruisered navy, and hence is the keenest on saving the taxpayer's pocketbook.

"But why competition?" the Japanese inquire. "'War between America and England is unthinkable.' This we hear daily. Now, if America builds more of one cruiser type than does England, why must England needs do the same, and *vice versa?* There is, we believe, no cause for misgiving on the part of either when the other disposes of a restricted total tonnage according to special requirements. The simple question at issue is: Does each Power trust in the other's good intentions?"

Geneva, July 18, 1927.

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Why Our Forests Are Burning Up[1]

I—The Forest Service Has Lost Its Vision of Its Real Job

By ARTHUR M. BAUM

MORE than two years ago Mr. William C. Gregg questioned in an article in The Outlook whether the Forest Service had not "gone daffy" over providing recreational facilities in the National Forests instead of tending to the business for which the Forest Service was created. In the present article, which is the first of a series by Mr. Arthur Baum, an even more severe indictment is drawn up in which the Forest Service is accused of failing in its primary task, that of protecting the National Forests from the annual fires which are burning up merchantable timber faster than it can be replaced.

Mr. Baum served in the Forest Service for fourteen years as guard, ranger, and supervisor in one of the worst fire districts in the country. He resigned to engage in other work, but maintains the same interest in Conservation as during his years of active field work, and feels that he can render no better service to the cause than by acquainting the public with the facts in the case, ascertained by him while in a responsible position in the Forest Service itself.

The series constitutes a long-stifled protest of the field force, living and working amid the trees of the National Forests, against the bureaucratic office force, which Mr. Baum holds responsible for the failure of the Forest Service to cope successfully with the fire menace.

THE costly failure of the Forest Service in the Northwest in 1926, whereby several hundred thousand acres of merchantable timber were destroyed by fire, was not as great a disaster as that region thinks. It often takes just such a catastrophe to bring to an accounting a Government service which has been in the saddle as long as the Forest Service. That such an accounting was required in this case is the opinion of the Northwest and is the thesis of these articles.

The season of 1926 was one of the three most damaging years in the history of the Forest Service, with huge losses in northern Idaho, western Montana, and to a lesser degree on the coast. But this devastating blow to one of the richest timber areas on the continent and the eleventh-hour extravagance which marked the efforts of the Forest Service to fight the fires are none too heavy a price to pay if the result may be the exposure and the permanent correction of the conditions which made such losses possible.

The simple fact is that the timber belonging to the Nation is burning up twenty-five per cent more rapidly than it is growing. Last year was a mistake, or rather a series of mistakes, by the very agency intrusted for the past twenty years with the stewardship of our Nationally owned Forests. It was a striking example of the failure of the leading exponent of Conservation, the United States Forest Service, to carry out the fundamental of forestry; that is, to protect the Forests from fire. I admit that in all save fire protection the Service has done wonders, but of what avail are the best silvicultural methods, the wisest utilization of the land, the most successful work in adapting grazing regulations to the present economic needs of the stock industry—of what avail are these accomplishments if timber is destroyed faster than it is replaced?

AFTER fourteen years in the Forest Service, most of them on duty in the worst fire region in this country, and after giving all natural difficulties and political difficulties due consideration, I am convinced that the Service has itself chiefly to blame for lack of progress in checking fire losses. Despite improvements in methods and greater resources, it has failed to keep pace with the increasing risk our Forests run as they become more and more subject to the carelessness of mankind. This is due to faults inherent in the organization. I wish to make it clear that I have no concern with individuals, but that I accuse the Forest Service of very grave errors of commission and omission, for which in a subsequent article I shall endeavor to point out definite and practical remedies.

Grouped logically these errors are:

First, the Forest Service has consistently failed to appreciate its task in suppressing fire in its true proportions, and has failed to report to Congress and the public such knowledge of real conditions as it did have.

Second, the Forest Service has made no sincere, intelligent effort to secure funds necessary for its needs, but so far denied by Congress, and has signally failed to make maximum use of the money with which it was provided. It has devoted funds intended to strengthen field man-power and equipment to increasing salaries of high officials and building up an unnecessary bureaucratic overhead out of all proportion to the productive field force.

Third, the Forest Service has ignored radical changes necessary in its basic organization which would make possible a proper utilization of its funds. It assigns poorly equipped and often incompetent men to the most important positions in its fire organization, instead of selecting those of demonstrated ability in the arduous apprenticeship requisite to fit a man for success in one of the most savage "wars of peace"—fighting forest fires.

Fourth, the Forest Service, in losing sight of the primary conception of its job—what Secretary Wilson eloquently outlined twenty-odd years ago as the conservation and administration of the *National Forests*—has dissipated its energies through *ex officio* leadership in private, municipal, and State forestry. Attendance at meetings more or less allied with Conservation and publicity matter of various degrees of literary merit have largely superseded actual supervision of Government property.

THE principle of Conservation has been sold to the public on its economic and æsthetic merits, but the repute of the Forest Service as the bul-

[1] See editorial comment.

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International

A view of the destruction being wrought by a forest fire near Siuslaw National Forest in Oregon

wark of the cause rests too much upon the excellent standing of the Forest ranger. He is the pivot of Conservation, and in this article, confessedly critical of the Forest Service, it is inevitable and only fair that I pay him tribute. The successful ranger possesses in the maximum degree physical and moral courage, self-reliance, wilderness craft, tact, vision, and the ability to lead men. He is a public servant whom the United States places in the same category as Canada does its Northwest Mounted Police—builders and sentinels of empire.

But the Forest ranger is not the Forest Service. We shall later see how he is overwhelmed by the legions of bureaucracy. Our concern is with the Service as a whole and its responsibility for the Nation's loss of its merchantable timber. It has failed to realize its responsibility, and through complacent reports enhancing success and veiling failures has not adequately informed either the public or Congress of the situation it faces. Congress holds the purse-strings, and so far has been niggardly—and the Bureau of the Budget worse—but their skeptical attitude is not incomprehensible if the true situation is being withheld from them, as it is, because of the unjustifiable fear that it would react to the disadvantage of the Service or from other political considerations.

My personal belief is that if the needs of the National Forests were exhaustively presented the Bureau of the Budget would recognize them. But why should increases be granted to the Forest Service if its own reports intimate that it is satisfied with the progress which is being made?

According to the system now in vogue, the insufficient appropriations allowed the Forest Service force it to follow some such procedure as this: Severe fires occur in various regions of the West, and the unprepared and ill-equipped field force has to meet the emergency upon a day's notice. It is forced to spend money like a drunken Indian—a fact more and more frequently commented upon in Western communities—and draws upon the Fire Fund, virtually a check signed in blank by Congress, which authorizes a deficit for the suppression of fires and the placing of additional guards when the situation becomes acute. Of course, deficiency appropriations are one of the favorite means of Congress to soothe the clamorous taxpayer—they do not show up in the Budget for that year—but it is hard for the heavily taxed Western stump rancher and grocer to understand why the Forest Service should neglect to take ordinary precautions against something bound to happen every year, instead of spending money without any regard for economy at the eleventh hour.

A good example of this short-sighted way of fighting fires and of the inability of the non-field force to evaluate past experience and to prevision possibilities —indeed, probabilities—may be seen in my own district in 1926. For several years it has faced in different regions fire seasons which verged on the disastrous. Each of them demonstrated the inadequacy of the first-line defenses; that is, there were too few rangers, guards, and improvised crews; there was insufficient equipment; and trained men from other forests to help out in the overburdened forests were not available. Yet late in the spring of 1926, when I complained of the damage done on my forest in 1925, I was informed that at last the district was equipped to meet any emergency. In three weeks the losses were worse than in any except two of the past twenty years, equipment was gone, and the whole district overhead demoralized.

The official answer to such a situation would be that money was not available for adequate protection; but there is ample reason to believe that the unsatisfactory aspects of this method of fighting fire have never been comprehensively explained to Congress. The man in the field knows the facts, but he is muzzled. Instead of being urged to present appropriation estimates truly reflecting their best judgment of conditions, the supervisors are repressed, told to make their estimates "about the same as last year, since there is no likelihood of increase."

Is it not culpably unsound reasoning which forecasts the amount of equipment needed on the average fire season? What would you think of an ambulance doctor who reasoned in this fashion: "The kind of accidents I am usually summoned to require, on the average, so many yards of bandage, therefore that's as much as I'll carry, though I admit a human life may be lost because I have not enough bandage with me"?

The improvidence of the Service as regards equipment is all the more inexcusable in that through centralized purchase and recourse to unused army

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stores it has been able to acquire materials at far less than market price, and yet has failed to acquire enough. That is the stock defense of the Service—it has made some advance. Why not enough? Though taxed to the limit for not unusual fire seasons, the Service failed to realize the demands plainly foreseeable for the unusual year. Last season was such a year, and as a result the Service was short of cheaply bought material and had to buy in the open retail market.

Is this economy? When will the Service grasp the fact that the worst possibly imaginable fire season is the minimum it must prepare for?

The Forest Service problem in bad seasons has been compared to the problem confronting our Regular Army when the World War broke out. But there is an essential difference. A World War does not break out every year, but the Forest Service knows that every year it must face fire. Yet it stubbornly persists in false economy in preparation, and then indulges in wild extravagance when fires break out.

Between 1905 and 1919 inclusive, disastrous as was the last-mentioned year, the Forest Service made more real progress in protection work than from 1920 to the present. This will meet with flat and vehement denial, but take into consideration the conditions existing in 1905. The Service had no personnel, much less trained personnel; its organization was purely experimental; the Forests were real wildernesses; roads and trails were conspicuous by their absence; telephone lines, one of the main essentials for effective fire fighting, were practically unknown; its equipment was a joke; and, most important of all, it had neither the understanding nor the support of the public. By 1920 it had gone a long way toward remedying these defects, and for the past seven years the resources of the Service, although still inadequate, have been incomparably greater than those of the preceding pioneer stage. Yet its rate of letting the Forests burn up is not much bettered.

As I have said, the Forest ranger and his immediate superiors on the field know this at first hand, but any bureaucracy stifles the subordinate. With some differences in opinion as to the intensiveness which must be extended to fire-protection personnel and improvements, all save the newcomers and veteran time-servers—who exist in any industry—agree that the necessary increases run into hundreds of per cent. It is the failure of the Forest Service that the practical experience of these men is not drawn upon by the men higher up, who must present to Congress the requirements of the Service.

My own experience has been that there is an appalling apathy towards the whole fire situation on the part of the officers at Washington and in the district offices. These men deal with fire losses from an academic view-point. They take a bad fire season every so often as a matter of course, deplore it perfunctorily, and proceed about their other business—business which will not continue to exist very long unless fire losses are prevented.

It does not take long for this attitude of resignation toward the supposedly inevitable to poison the rest of the organization.

Something must be done immediately. A permanent investment in protection personnel and improvements in fire-fighting equipment are absolutely necessary if forestry in the regions growing merchantable timber, which it must be noted are concentrated in a small percentage of our gross forest area, is to be more than merely interesting reading about experimental plots. It is these really productive forests, as distinct from grazing, barren, and watershed protection acreage, which are burning up faster than timber can be produced upon them. Remember that the life of a tree is analogous to that of man. On my district, considering all species of timber, one hundred and fifty years would be a very conservative estimate to place on the rotation—or life—of a tree. But during the past twenty years the rotation would have had to be much less than *one hundred* years if supply were to keep pace with loss.

The successful conduct of a business vital to the Nation's prosperity demands adequate provision for protection against this alarming annual fire loss. But so far neither Congress nor the public has been aware of true conditions.

(In his next article Mr. Baum goes into the cause of the failure of the Forest Service to stop our National Forests from burning up. The cause is not personal. Mr. Baum attacks no one individual. The cause is in the organization. It is topheavy.)

When the Japanese Marry

By Adachi Kinnosuke

Hibiya Daimyojin is a modest shrine in the very heart of Tokyo. It stands within hailing distance of the old castle moat surrounding the great palace and within a few hundred steps of the central park called Hibiya and of the Imperial Hotel. But it is only modest in its building—as simplicity is the dominant note of all Shinto structures. And then, too, it was built in the trying days following the great earthquake of 1923. But its intimate relation to the great national shrine at Ise gives it unsurpassed dignity and prestige in the eyes of the pious of Tokyo City. And this Hibiya Daimyojin has turned into a Nippon edition of the Little Church Around the Corner.

It's a tremendous piece of news. It has just reached us here in a batch of Tokyo newspapers. News like that is quite as important as the story of the smashing up of the Russian Baltic Fleet in the Strait of Tsushima—to the real life of our Nippon race. Perhaps a bit more so. The Battle of the Japan Sea —Togo's admirable work there, however heroic—does not touch the every-day life of our people as this does. Certainly, the sum of all the brave deeds in the Russian War does not begin to touch the every-day emotions of our people and keep on touching them as the revolution in the basic relation between man and woman contained in the above little news item. The up-and-alert Tokyo representatives of rich and mighty American news-gathering organizations did not seem to have invested a nickel in the cable tolls in sending the news abroad. Even that incredible fact cannot take away much of the importance of the news.

Hibiya Daimyojin, so runs the news, all through the spring season of this year united young people at the rate of more than 600 a month in bonds of matrimony—and with the Shinto rites. This brief, largely statistical, and uncolored statement does not explode like a ton of TNT of excitement in the American ear. What makes it a thunder-clap of revolutionary sensation in the Japa-

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Here is the trousseau for a Japanese bride displayed in the window of a Tokyo department store. According to Japanese standards, it is a real bargain, for it costs only two thousand yen; that is about one thousand dollars

nese ear is largely in the historic background of the thing. Marriage with us had been a social contract, pure and simple. Religion had nothing to do with it; it had nothing whatever to say about it. "What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder" had no place in the matrimonial credo of Nippon. That is, for many centuries past. To be sure, in the purer days in the dawn of history marriage was wont to be solemnized with Shinto rites. And the Imperial family weddings are now, as they have always been, performed before the palace shrine and with Shinto ceremony. But among the mass of our people there was not a touch of religious ceremony connected with marriage.

And there precisely is where the brief news from Tokyo takes on color and meaning. At the height of this spring season more than twenty-five couples of young people rushed into this one shrine of Hibiya Daimyojin every day, Sunday not excluded.

"We begin at nine o'clock in the morning," the secretary of the popular shrine declared to a reporter of a Tokyo daily, "and keep busy until nine o'clock at night." In other words, the shrine has been busier than most of the big business in Tokyo this year in the happy but strenuous work of tying the knot. The charges at the shrine for ceremonies vary according to the degree of display and the time consumed in performing them. The simpler one takes about half an hour and costs as low as 15 yen, or about $7.50 in American money. More ornate and complicated ones last over an hour, with a lot of trimmings in the way of floral and fruit offerings and amount of sacred music accompanying the ceremony. For these charges go up as high as 70 yen, or $35. This Hibiya Daimyojin has become by far the most popular shrine for wedding ceremonies, and is almost exclusively patronized by the middle and higher classes of Tokyo people.

Many things worked to bring about the change. For more than half a century now Occidental ideas and customs have been imported into the country with enthusiasm, if not altogether with edifying profit. The spread of Christianity had a decided effect upon it. Native Christians have always insisted on church weddings in addition to the purely social ceremonies according to the old-time usages of the land. But by far the most powerful cause of them all is the nation-wide awakening of Japanese women to their own rights and power and the coming into their own.

BARELY half a dozen years ago the Non-Marriage Alliance, captained by such dauntless spirits as Mme. Akiko Hiratsuka, Mme. Umeo Oku, and Miss Fusae Ichikawa, unfurled their standard of revolt in the astounded eyes of Tokyo. "Emancipation from the bondage of matrimony," was their battle-cry. They did not smash up expensive plate-glass windows. They did not go on hunger strikes. They were not militant. They were tame and gentle in their methods, compared with some of the activities of their American and British sisters. They marched on the Imperial Diet, then in session, and presented a petition demanding a law forbidding the marriage of males suffering from certain diseases and certain character and mental defects. The ladies of the Alliance spoke a good deal and all over the city of Tokyo, where women public orators were rarer than ladies wearing their own complexions in an Easter parade on Fifth Avenue. And they wrote often and widely. One and all, they spoke and wrote with something of the accents of a crusader. And what they said was both vivid and emphatic. More than that, it was true. And, what was still more important, they knew it was true—stating facts in their natural colors. And what was yet more vital even than that, their hearers and readers—and of the male gender—knew that the young women of the Non-Marriage Alliance were telling the world simple but very solemn facts—common, every-day, ever-present facts. Facts which cried aloud to heaven—some of them. Marriage for Japanese women had been slavery. There was no gentler word for it. And when the ladies wrote or spoke, in many cases, they were speaking out of the personal experiences of their own or

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of first-hand knowledge. And the ladies had an excellent target in their bombardment—namely, the guilty conscience of the whole male half of the nation.

The bombardment brought forth much good fruit. Men and women of light and leading in the city of Tokyo organized themselves into the Life Betterment League. The ambition of the League covered a much larger field than the innovation and improvement of marriage relations and conditions among the people of Nippon. But marriage received their concentrated attention and efforts, for the simple reason that it cried more loud and insistently than any other social condition for instant and immediate action. The following is the League's platform on marriage:

> The certificate of health must be exchanged before marriage.
>
> Provide young people with opportunity to know each other under the guidance of their parents or other elderly people before their marriage.
>
> The expense of the wedding should not exceed one-third of the annual income of the bridegroom.
>
> The wedding ceremony should be performed at holy places (not at hotels).
>
> An announcement party should be held at the bridegroom's home, and those who are invited should be limited to the nearest relatives and very intimate friends.

These things are just silly, primitive, and awfully early Victorian to any village girl in America, of course. What made them sound like a bomb of radical revolution in the ears of Tokyo? For that was precisely the way they sounded there half a dozen years back. There was just one thing which made them sound that way: it was the old-fashioned courtship and marriage customs of our ancestors, which were still honored and in practice among the people then.

Let us present a sample.

TARO stepped into his twenty-third spring as he sauntered into the famous Ueno Park, all canopied with the rose and pearl of its countless century-old cherry trees in bloom. Did his thoughts gently and lightly turn to dreams of love and to matrimony? They did not. For one thing, under the actual conditions prevailing in Nippon, it was absurdly impossible for any young man's thoughts to turn to matrimony lightly, in any shape or fashion, anyhow. Matrimony was entirely too grown-up a business and too serious to be insulted with any such adverb as "lightly"—especially on the part of a young man of three-and-twenty. No, Taro's thoughts did not turn lightly or otherwise to matrimony. But his father's did. Did the old gentleman summon the frivolous and unwilling candidate for life's full-fledged responsibilities to a private interview and hint of a voyage over the uncharted sea? He did nothing of the sort. His father was a man of wisdom and a respecter of his ancestors' hallowed customs. The father made a bee-line to an old, trusted friend of his and put the heavy question squarely up to him in the following manner:

"That low, ignoramus son of mine, you know," said the father, "is shooting up like a young bamboo after an April shower. And even such as he should not be permitted to waste all his days on the back of a bamboo horse"—and so on and so forth, and wound up by begging him to save his life (that is, the father's) and the honor of his family by acting as the *nakodo*—the honorable go-between. So pressed, he accepted the mission. The old friend of the family had no choice. Now the *nakodo* is a great institution with us Japanese. He is a sort of a cross between Talleyrand and Gotama Buddha, for the very nature of his office demands that he be the master of two kinds of eloquence—of speech and of silence. Eloquent in singing the peerless charms of a bride-to-be and eloquent in keeping quiet over some of the failings of his young man aspirant in some of the weaknesses so common with the male of the species. To these noble qualifications the *nakodo* must add that of a social lion of no mean standing, commanding thereby a wide circle of acquaintances.

THIS paragon of a *nakodo* accepted the mission of securing a wonder girl for Taro. Did the *nakodo* go straight to O-Tama-san, that maiden of charm and distinction, pearly and precious as her name, and a girl whom he had known since her cradle days? The wise *nakodo* did nothing of the sort. Instead, he went right to the parents of the girl. And in the parental ears the *nakodo* sang the praises of Taro and of the blessed and rosy days awaiting a happy girl who is to be his bride. And he won, as he so richly deserved—won over the girl's parents, that is to say. What happened then? What about the girl, the heroine and leading lady of the drama? She heard of the thing—through her mother. And in the following diplomatic way:

"You know Taro, of course?"—from the mother. The girl had heard of the young fellow, had even seen him once or twice, it seemed to her. Then her mother indulged in a flow of colorful adjectives telling the daughter how well she and her father had thought of the family of Taro and the future of the young man himself, and then: Would O-Tama like to have a *miai*—"looking-over-each-other" session—with the young man? The poor girl did not know enough about Taro to find any reason whatever to decline the proposed "looking-over-each-other" meeting, especially when her mother seemed so anxious about the thing. Therefore, entirely out of politeness and respect for her parents' wishes, O-Tama-san agreed to meet the young fellow. And the trap was sprung.

SO, loaded with the happy tidings, the *nakodo* rushed back to Taro's father. And then for the first time the father condescended to honor the unripe intelligence of his posterity by calling him into conference. After trumpeting a considerable amount of ballyhoo for O-Tama-san and her ancient and respectable family, both in song and prose, Taro's father let the cat out of the bag: How would Taro like to have a *mi-ai* with the charming and peerless O-Tama-san?

The poor wretch knew as much about the girl as she did about him. He found himself utterly powerless in putting up a single, solitary objection against the "looking-over-each-other" meeting with O-Tama. And the *mi-ai* took place in the flower-scented peace of Kameido Shrine. That is to say, the young people came together there, but they did not see much of each other. The session did not last more than a couple of hours, to start with. Nobody but a prophet with the gift of reading the innermost secrets of human hearts could do anything worth while in that space of time. And these young people were not allowed to have even a few minutes of the said space of time to themselves. Most of it was consumed in exchanging a couple of thousand bows, many of them graceful and all of them polite. And the boy was entirely too busy with his own hands and feet the balance of the time to notice anything else. O-Tama-san blushed prettily most of the session, as a maid of twenty should. But that was largely over her anxiety and confusion in making an impression on the *nakodo* and other elderly people of the party. She hardly wasted a single glance at the young man. She knew as well as any one else that he was not looking at her much. Why worry about the poor boy, who had more than he could do?

So it came to pass that all the serious work of looking into the financial standing of the two high contracting parties, the health conditions of the couple and

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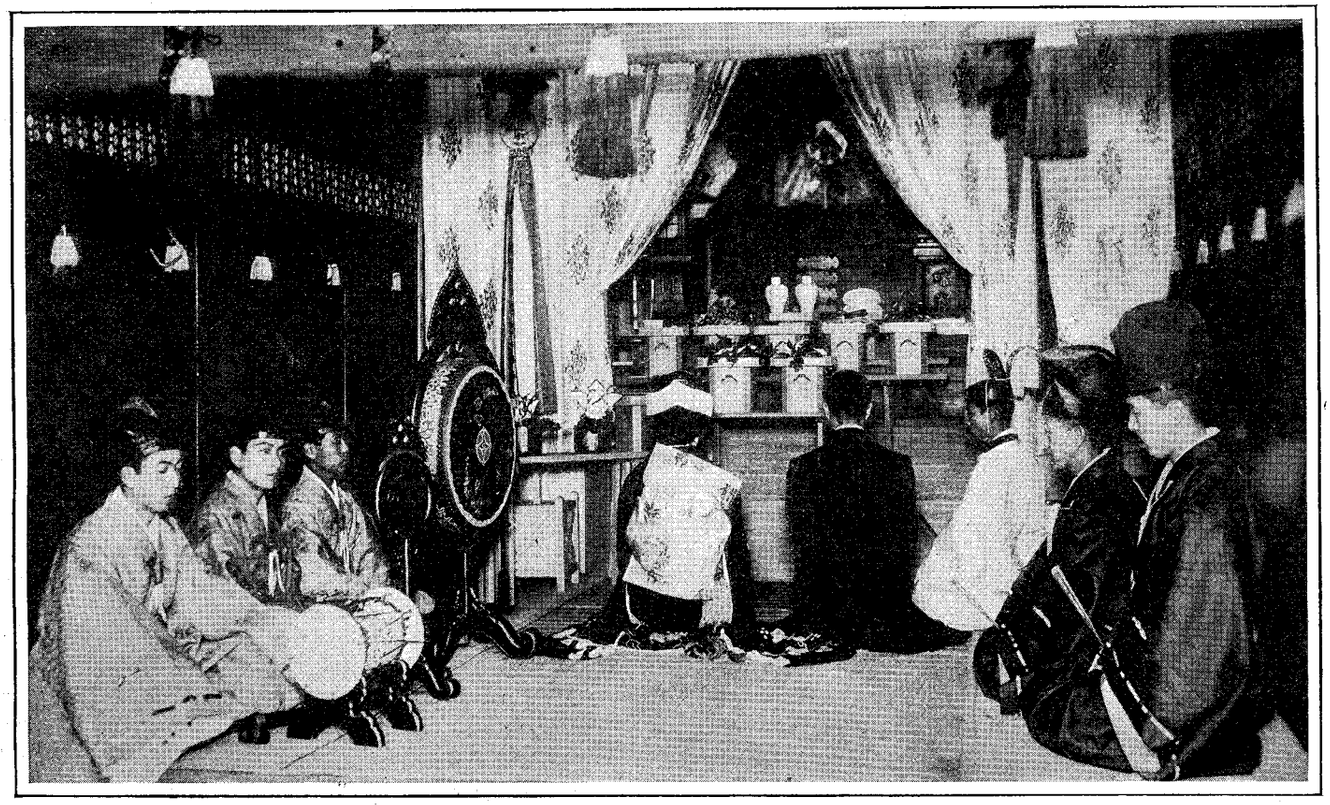

Bride and groom in front of an altar in a Shinto shrine, Tokyo

their hereditary tendencies, the social standing of the two families—all had been attended to by the *nakodo* and the parents of the two young people.

THE *mi-ai* was satisfactory, and it was followed by an exchange of gifts called *yuino*. That is the Japanese way of making a betrothal announcement. After that there was nothing left but to select a day of happy omens for the wedding. The ceremony took place in the home of the groom, instead of the bride's, as in Occidental lands. The ceremony consisted of the traditional *san-san-kudo* (three-times-three)—sipping *sake* by the bride and the groom from unglazed earthen cups and exchanging the cups three times three; hence the name. It took place in a room where nobody was present but the bride and the groom and the inevitable *nakodo* and his wife and a girl who officiated in filling the cups of *sake* exchanged between the couple. Not even the parents of the two young people were permitted in there, for such is the rigorous provision of the old custom. And the ceremony was followed by the wedding feast, where the members of the families and their friends were invited to make merry over the happy event.

No priest, no minister, no civic official —none. Just a social contract, nothing more. And that was the old-fashioned marriage ceremony of Nippon. From this to the platform of the Life Betterment League is quite a world tour, after all.

BUT why all this popular fuss and fury for the shrine marriage? Does it make the Japanese husbands more faithful to their wives? Does it mean that our people have turned more religious than their ancestors? Perhaps yes, and, then again, perhaps not.

And that isn't the point, anyhow. The real meaning of the ever-expanding popularity of the shrine marriage among the young folks of Nippon is quite apart from the religious life of our people. The sweeping vogue of the shrine marriage means that the women of Nippon are marching into the break of a new day. They demanded a religious sanction for the marriage in addition to the old social contract idea of it. And they are getting it. And through it they are telling the males that the one-sided marriage of the olden days is gone.

ONE thing, however, used to make marriage a red-letter event in the life of our old-fashioned girls. And that was the amount of money their parents were wont to spend on their marriage. It was all for the good and happiness of their daughters—that was what the old folks said. It wasn't, though. It was for the family vanity. The parents used to mortgage their homes, their future incomes and earnings, and often borrowed on something they did not have—just for a big splurge. The wealth and social standing of a bride's family were wont to be judged by the length of the procession of servants bearing gifts to the groom's family and chests of dresses and other personal possessions of the bride. And in those good old golden days, when the fashion in women's dresses never changed for centuries, many a bride went to her new home with enough dresses to last her lifetime. Expenditures connected with a wedding were naturally and too often utterly and absurdly out of proportion to the financial ability of the parents. All for the family vanity. All the world knew it as such, and the girls concerned better than anybody.

Now the Life Betterment League's big guns are trained on this silly old custom. Public opinion is solidly behind it. Now all the leading department stores in Tokyo are vying with one another in offering popular-priced complete bridal outfits. One of them is presented in an accompanying illustration. And it costs 2,000 yen, or $1,000 in American money. And that is a department-store bargain offering. From that fact alone it is not hard to imagine just how much a regular outfit, considered worth while. would have cost in the old days.

But at last sanity seems to be firmly in the saddle. And that is a happy thing in these days when Nippon is passing through a real revolution in the basic relations of life.

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I Don't Want to Be a Foreigner!

Perhaps the "moderately educated housewife from Iowa" does not want to be "placed" any more than Maria Moravsky does; but we will leave complaint on that score to our neighbors from Iowa, moderately educated or not, and to others to voice for themselves. Meanwhile Maria Moravsky's grievance is worth heeding.—THE EDITORS.

By MARIA MORAVSKY

THE lady from Oscar Wilde's comedy who decorated her drawing-room with orchids and foreigners has many doubles in America.

"Oh, you are a Russian?" she exclaims on being introduced to you. "How charming! I love Russians, they are so artistic."

And so you are instantly classified and go henceforth in the lady's memory as "that artistic Russian girl."

For her you have no personality, no individual faults and virtues, just because your name happens to end in "sky." There may be dull or bright, secretive or frank, bad or good Americans. As to Russians—they are but "artistic." And all because the lady made her acquaintance with the Russian nation through the Russian Art Theatre.

Another woman less refined and less tolerant—the moderately educated housewife from Iowa, for instance—would talk about foreigners in a less amusing and less tolerant way: "Don't you bring in that unwashed, God-denying Bolshevik girl! I don't want to see any foreigners in my flat!"

And the accent she places on the word "foreigners" makes you feel as if she said, "I hate to see cockroaches in my flat!"

She may be persuaded into admitting that there are exceptions, that Russians do wash occasionally, and that not all of them deny God and democracy. But this would be a long process. The first impression your name makes on her is that you are a Russian, or a Pole, or an Italian—"one of those dirty immigrants, you know."

Together with millions of other similarly unfortunate, I cry out from the depths of my heart:

"I don't want to be a foreigner!"

"Oh, that is easy to remedy," answers the suave voice of a professional Americanizer; "just become an American citizen."

No, it isn't easy. In the first place, in order to become a citizen you have to live in the States for five solid years. Now if any one offered me a citizenship of paradise on the condition that I had to stay there for five years paradise would immediately become less desirable—in fact, it would look suspiciously like a heavenly prison. I happened to stay in prison during the first Russian Revolution, and I can back with experience that oft-misquoted sentence about the bars that do not make a prison. It is the feeling that you cannot leave the place.

So your first step toward citizenship is apt to cool your feelings for the new country. "I have to stay five years in the place!" you muse. "Gosh, I wish they were over!"

I know many a newly baked citizen who celebrated receiving his final papers by taking a trip abroad that very month.

The second unpleasant thing about becoming a citizen is that forswearing business. Like a pagan converted to Christianity, you have to forswear your allegiance to such idols as the British King or the President of Turkey, as the case may be. This may make you a criminal in the eye of your former Government. If you ever venture to go there, you would meet with highly unpleasant things, ranging from platonic reproaches to a trial for high treason.

Of course there are compensations. You are entitled to pay taxes to your "own" Government. In case of war, to fight under the American flag, possibly against your own brothers. You may change your native "sky" to Jones or Smith, and none will call you a dirty foreigner any longer—at least not until they hear your accent.

There is a remedy against the accent. I may go to a linguist and learn how to twist my tongue properly, so all these "th's" and "r's" will sound in my mouth as if I were a born Bostonian. The modern "accent eliminators," after many an exercise with a looking-glass and a wooden stick, guarantee you this. Believe me, one of these days I am going to put myself into their hands. Not because of people ridiculing me, really, but because I love the English language and wish to speak it correctly. But even then, after my tongue is twisted to perfection, how about my Slavonically round face, round chin, round nose, and widely set eyes? Why, from the moment people look at me they instantly scent a foreigner!

And I don't want to be a foreigner.

I LOVE America. I would not live here for years if I were not fond of the jolly old place. New York seems to me almost a home town. So gay and—do not smile—friendly. So safe and—do not laugh—cozy. Yes, a cozy place. If you live in one district for a few years, and then go abroad, your grocer's boy will inform your butcher first day after your return:

"You know, that 'sky' woman is back!"

"The one who lived at 38 Washington Square? Well, we will be selling her chops again. You know, when she started housekeeping first she couldn't tell pork from lamb."

You are sure that they will find something to gossip about you, and it warms your heart. They remember you. The old postman who has been carrying your letters ever since you moved here also remembers you. He will nod beamingly on seeing you back, he may even ask you how you enjoyed the trip.

Yes, New York is my home town. It would be even more so if a great many people did not consider me a foreigner.

THIS feeling of being a stranger here is forced upon me even by my editors:

"Maria Moravsky casts her critical foreign eye upon present-day travelers, and finds them," etc. "She is a Russian by birth and views Americans and their manners with an air of judicious detachment." This is from the "Contributors' Gallery" of a magazine whose editors have always been very friendly to me.

When I read that, I received a shock, like one who overheard, at a reception, the hostess saying:

"Of course, she really doesn't belong to our circle, you know, but I asked her because"—

No matter what the "because" may be, you feel hurt.

"Judicious detachment"! As if any one who feels detached from this country would care to write about it for

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years, criticising or praising! Do we stop strangers' children on the streets, telling them how bad are their manners? But, oh, if our own child displays imperfect manners how many times has the poor youngster to hear the excerpts from the book on etiquette! We criticise most those whom we love most. And, try as we may, we can never, never, be quite impartial about them. The higher were the expectations, the more passionate is the blame. Even when delivered smiling and in gentle tones, the criticism of those we love is bound to be passionate, with that underlying passion which does not need to be loud in order to be felt. We always take sides even when we appear to be detached.

A foreigner who lives in this country cannot feel detached from it for long. Sooner or later he will love or hate it. And then he ceases to be a foreigner. He becomes either an alien, in the war-time sense of the word, or a citizen.

Yes, citizen in heart, even if he does not take out his papers. In spite of his love for the old country, he becomes a citizen of the new one.

Now, can one be in love with two countries at the same time? Even in the realm of sex there happens such a thing as a double love. As to loving several friends, several brothers or sisters, every normal human heart is capable of multiple love. Why, then, in the realm of patriotism must we be strictly monogamic?

Why should I stamp out of my heart all loyalty to my Polish, Russian, and English brothers because I happen to live among my American brothers?

I named the four above-mentioned nations because, in truth, I belong to all of them. There is nothing theoretical about it. I was born of Polish parents, brought up in Russia, entered into American literature because I love it, and the person dearest to me happens to be English-born. I am connected with England by affection and passport. Must I estrange myself from my other beloved nations in order to be only an American? It would be treason to my own heart.

I am only a handy illustration of the problem which grows more and more intricate with the barriers of nationalism strengthened by the Great War. There are many of us, the wanderers, the forced or voluntary cosmopolites, whose hearts are divided between several nations: Prsbyszewsky, who wrote his famous novels in German and was condemned for it by the Polish patriots; Professor Metchnikoff, who migrated from Russia for the sake of the better-conducted scientific researches in Paris; Kosciusko, whose statue, in his typically Polish lambskin cap, stands on a prominent thoroughfare of Washington. Kosciusko is your patriot as well as ours, isn't he? Yet if you know his biography you can easily see that Kosciusko would never forswear his loyalty to Poland for the sake of becoming an American citizen.

Did Lord Byron cease to be a Britisher by fighting for Greek independence? And yet during that brief period of his life he was in truth a Greek citizen.

I brought in these examples to back my plea for multiple citizenship—the citizenship which has nothing in common with taking out your papers and losing or gaining the protection of any country. I would leave the legal aspect of the question to the people versed in international law. But I feel experienced enough to talk about the heart-side of the question. I have seen too many so-called "cosmopolites" with sorely split souls. I myself belong to them. This is the reason I voice the plea:

"Do not consider us foreigners!"

When we live on your soil and work for you and love you, and, yes, criticise you at times, do not demand:

"Step in or back out."

Let us remain on the threshold of several civilizations. Let us be the living links between the nations. Do not consider us strangers.

A stranger is some one who does not understand you. It is not necessarily your nearest relatives who understand you best. It often happens that a person not wholly understood by his own family and his own circle happily marries an outsider who understands him best. Thus Joseph Conrad espoused English literature, and is now called the master of English prose. Thus Kosciusko pledged himself to the American freedom. They were both Poles. They became more than Poles. They earned double citizenship.

Returning to my own case—I have contributed eight books of poems, essays, and stories for children of Russia, and I cannot estrange myself from the country which gave me love in exchange for it. Although a Polish patriot, I fought on the Russian barricades for the freedom of Russia, and the Cossack's bullet marked me for a Russian revolutionist. Yet my Polish friends did not "excommunicate" me for writing and fighting for Russia. Russian critics, knowing that I am a Pole strongly opposed to the Russification of my country and demanding Polish independence, considered me nevertheless a Russian writer. In the United States, when Edward O'Brien, knowing that I am a Polish-Russian writer, mentioned my stories in his "Best Short Stories of the Year," he listed them among the "stories by American writers." Then why should Americans tell me at every turn of my mental life that I am a foreigner? I don't want to be a foreigner in America, Russia, or Poland. I feel like having a triple citizenship.

It matters but little that certain committees do not award literary prizes to the foreign-born, although it does not seem fair when the foreign-born writes in English. It is but amusing when a prejudiced little housewife calls you a dirty Bolshevik, without taking the trouble to ascertain your bathing habits or your political creed. But when your literary friends—the intellectuals, the salt of the earth—always introduce you as a foreigner, even after you have worked in this country for years, it hurts.

The whole attitude is wrong. In an ideal community a person should be considered first and foremost a personality. It should not be overlooked that he was born in the tropics or on the North Pole, in Russia or America, because these facts have a direct bearing on the development of the personality. But it is a mistake to consider one merely a megaphone of his nation just because one happens to live away from his native land.

Would you like to be considered primarily a representative of, let us say, Missouri any time you left your native State? It would be very well if you were its governor. But suppose you came to New York to lecture on psychology and your chairman introduced you: "We have with us to-night Mr. X, of Missouri. The problem of complexes seen through his *Missourian* eyes"—

How would you feel?

Well, I feel this way when I hear the reference to my "Russian eyes." It narrows my horizon, it reduces me to being but a megaphone of Russia.

To be sure, Russia is a trifle bigger than Missouri. But it is not the only country which had influence on me. America, too, had a strong influence on me. Also Poland. Also England. I espoused several civilizations without divorcing any one of them. Patriotically speaking, I am a Mormon.

This is a natural state for people like myself. We who divided years of our mental growth between several nations cannot belong to but one country and be foreigners in all the others.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Napoleon's Opinions and Prophecies

By DON C. SEITZ

IT is reckoned that there are in existence seven million words written or dictated by Napoleon Bonaparte, covering every conceivable line of human endeavor. From this vast reservoir Lewis Claflin Breed has gleaned a volume of "The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon,"[1] in which is to be found a collection of many thoughts uttered by the Emperor. The Napoleonic legend grows no less with the years; and there is reason for its endurance and expansion. More than 100,000 books, pamphlets, or essays have been written about him in the one hundred and six years since his demise at St. Helena. Ludwig's "Napoleon" is even now a best-seller. The appeal is by no means limited to hero-worshipers. He aimed to secure everlasting fame, and did so; yet, aside from military prowess, which ended in disaster, his social, administrative, and economic side is vastly more interesting than the chronicle of conflicts. He was the epitome of the modern.

The plight of France to-day is, of course, due to circumstances beyond her control. With all the campaigning, "under his government neither deficits nor loans were known, as he provided for every want, either by the ordinary imposts, or by the means of contributions levied upon the countries which he conquered." It was upon this last method that France leaned as a way out from the debts of the Great War. She had no Napoleon to enforce the collection.

His desire for lasting fame led him to construct enduring public works. "I have often," he once observed, "set myself against the feasts the city of Paris wished to give me. They consisted of dinners, balls, artificial fireworks, at the expense of two or three hundred thousand dollars, the preparations for which obstructed the public for several days, and which afterwards cost as much to take away as they had cost in their construction. I proved that with these idle expenses they might have erected lasting and magnificent monuments."

His inhibitions were not appreciated. "One must have gone through much as I have," he observed further, "to be acquainted with all the difficulties of doing good. If the business related to chimneys, partitions, and furniture for some individuals in the imperial palaces, the work was quick and effectual. But if it were necessary to lengthen the garden of the Tuileries, to render some quarters wholesome, to clean some sewers, and to accomplish a task beneficial to the public, in which some particular person had no direct interest, I found it requisite to exert all the energy of my character, to write six to ten letters a day, and to get into a downright passion. It was in this way that I paid out as much as six millions of dollars in sewers, for which nobody was ever to thank me. I pulled down a property of six millions in houses in front of the Tuileries for the purpose of forming the Carrousel and throwing open the Louvre. What I did is immense. What I had resolved to do, and what I projected, were still much more so."

The conqueror looked on the world with a prophetic eye. He foresaw the development of the United States in its largest measure. "America," he remarked at St. Helena, "was in all respects our prop and asylum. It is an immense continent, possessing the advantages of a peculiar system of freedom. If a man be troubled with melancholy he may get into a coach and drive a thousand leagues, enjoying all the way the pleasure of a common traveler. In America you may be on a footing of equality with every one; you may, if you please, mingle with the crowd without inconvenience, retaining your own manners, your own language, your own religion."

Equality was always in his mind. He had no patience with inherited rank or social claims. It was not demagoguery that led him to sit with the soldiers and jest with them. He could kill them off by the hundred thousand, as things most readily replaceable; but their rights as men he always defended, often at the expense of liberty.

He was certain the Bourbons would be overthrown and that Europe within a century would become either republican or Cossack. It is mainly republican, including Russia. The latter country he regarded as the menace of Europe. With an enormous population, and safe from attack on three sides, he was certain that it would erupt and overwhelm the central Powers. The fear still exists. In his general plan he contemplated a united Europe, under one set of laws, operating co-ordinately in the interest of all the people. "They cannot but triumph," was his view of modern principles. "Mark the train of events; even oppressions, nowadays, turn to the disadvantage of the oppressor." He prophesied the union of Italy. "Italy," he said at St. Helena, "is one nation; unity of customs, language, and literature must in a period more or less distant unite the inhabitants under one sole government, and Rome will without the slightest doubt be chosen by the Italians as their capital."

"Those English who are lovers of liberty," he predicted, "will one day lament with tears having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe in its effects as that of Philippi on those of Rome; and like it, has precipitated Europe in the hands of Triumvirs associated together for the oppression of mankind, the suppression of knowledge, and the restoration of superstitions."

[1] The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon. Edited by Lewis Claflin Breed. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $5.

Fiction

THE FOUR POST BED. By Charles F. Marsh. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

An English tale of the marshes and farmlands of East Norfolk. A singular situation exists between an engaged couple. Both man and woman are successful farmers; the woman is not willing to give up her farm to marry; the man won't give up his with all its memories, including the four-post bed in which he was born. But one morning he fishes a would-be girl suicide from his horse-pond, and she slowly recovers as she is nursed in the famous four-poster. Thereupon the situation becomes complicated. The conclusion contains a surprise and a satisfactory ending.

THE WOLF PACK. By Ridgwell Cullum. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

This is a super-thriller of a wild section of western Canada, rough and tough, with bootlegging and cattle-thieving rampant and no chance for honest men except at the pistol's mouth. The story has action galore and will hold many readers breathless with excitement.

THAT RIDICULOUS WOMAN. By Leonard Rossiter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Evelyn Berrick is much more than ridiculous; she is abnormal, physically, mentally, and morally. A woman who tries to be friends with her describes her as a very plain woman who doesn't know it and acts like a top-notch beauty. Probably a psychologist would say that she was fighting a sense of inferiority latent in her consciousness but never admitted. With the help of an ambitious snob who uses her mercilessly as an aid to his social advancement, Evelyn ruins her own life, forces her weak little son to be "manly," and thereby

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causes his death, makes herself a laughing-stock, spoils the life of her husband. Always under her bravado there lurks a haunting fear that she is not what she forces herself to believe that she is. When the awakening comes, despair and death come with it.

It is a tribute to the author's power to say that Evelyn does inspire in the reader, not only a feeling of deep pity, but even a certain sympathy. Mr. Rossiter has written a novel that is so remarkable in its subject and its treatment as fairly to be entitled to the abused adjective "unique."

LOIS. By Lawrence W. Meynell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

With almost one accord reviewers of Mr. Meynell's first novel, "Mockbeggar," predicted that its exuberance in epigram and smartness and straining for fine writing would be toned down in his later work and that his skill in making his characters alive and their talk vivacious promised much for his future as a novelist. But in "Lois" the faults reappear. Such cheap verbal quips as "ices and Isis," "hobby and hubby," occur. The young people are too fluent by far. We are told that Lois is a man-compeller and brilliant beyond words, but we don't see it. The Fascist and Communist mobs of a coming generation rage and murder, but it is all theatrical—and melodramatic at that. The author lets himself go too much; restraint and clarity are the remedies.

POK O' MOONSHINE. By Albert Frederick Wilson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Pok o' Moonshine may contain better things than the reader is allowed sufficient tranquillity to appreciate. The literary St. Vitsus's dance with which the author is afflicted is a severe case; his jolty and jerky style and convulsive punctuation are so annoying that it is really difficult to judge. It isn't all like this—we opened to a paragraph at random—but too much of it is:

"The beauty of the simple lines lifted magically with the croon of the 'cello. But then abruptly his mood changed.

"'There you have it, Copperstone,' he cried. 'Get THAT back into stained glass or behind hushed altars! Put THAT into —ASCENSIONS!'

"'But the—the THING that Daphne—discovered—' I urged softly."

Of course it isn't fair. We admit it. There are whole pages without a capitalized word. But then there are others with more and worse. (If we had a mean disposition we would print it WORSE!)

ALMA: A NOVEL. By Margaret Fuller. William Morrow & Co., New York. $2.

Miss Fuller, bearer of a distinguished name, has written a distinguished novel which shows to the best advantage a fine and rare talent. Her choice of theme—the noble servant girl—is apt to make one shiver with apprehension. But Alma is no smoothly insincere Esther Waters nor preposterous Lummox. This story of a Danish woman who comes to America armed with a certificate of proficiency in cookery and a firm determination to acquire a good home and husband is one that develops in dignity and beauty, and not without many passages of delicious humor, as in her conversation with the dog Jock. Calm after many successive repulses, Alma eventually wins to a recognition of her quality which is sweeter to her than the success she had envisaged.

GREEN SANDALS. By Cecil Champain Lowis. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

The sub-title of "Green Sandals" is "A Mystery in Burma," but it is unlike the usual mystery tale, despite many involved circumstances and a beautiful woman brought under suspicion of murdering her husband. The Burmese setting and atmosphere, for one thing, lend a difference; for another, the story is related by the three people chiefly concerned, in turn, and the self-revelation of each adds to the interest. Not every lover of mystery tales will enjoy this one, from which many of the accepted properties are absent, but others who do not care for the more ordinary type may find pleasure in it.

DETOURS. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Ten interesting short stories—which are short stories structurally, rightly, and inevitably; not sketches, psychological studies, or compressed novelettes. We are not permeated by sentimental softness, but we own a soft spot, possibly sentimental, which is not often tickled nowadays. It is probably this Victorian weakness which causes us to find most enjoyment in that capital tale "The End of the Road," the story of a friendship between two men, blackface comedians, partners for many years, to one of whom—but not to both—an opportunity is offered for fame of a finer and higher kind. To one, but not to both—which shall it be and how will their friendship stand the strain? We expected a tragic shipwreck, and were so relieved and delighted when instead there came a happy, even a triumphant ending that we suspect there must be something wrong. We miss that confirmatory depression of spirit which assures the æsthetic ego that the unpitying gods and the ruthless Artist (with a capital A) have pulled off another victory for Literature (with a capital L).

THE MATING CALL. By Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

The shell-shocked and too "woman-hungry" hero of Rex Beach's new novel is a pitiable but by no means an engaging figure. It is true one forgives readily enough his weaknesses and follies, even the caddish obtuseness of his attitude toward the girl he marries straight from Ellis Island, as a suitable mate for the farmer upon an impoverished farm that he has become. He is essentially a good fellow, and redeems himself after his own quixotic fashion in the end. One has finally to accord him a certain amount of liking and respect, but scarcely as much of either as to his spirited and attractive Russian wife, who of course turns out to be no peasant, but a baroness. The scene is Florida, and two chief determining factors in a happy ending are a Florida land boom and one of the wonderful Florida springs, the welling up from the depths of a subterranean river. Rex Beach can be counted upon to tell any story readably well, and he has done so again in "The Mating Call;" but he has had many better stories to tell than this, and has told them better.

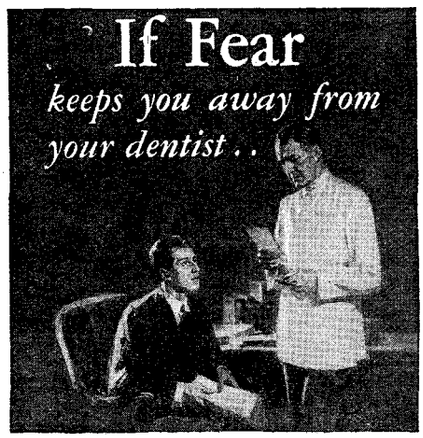
THE FLOWER SHOW. By Denis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

An observant, sympathetic, quietly humorous story of life and character in Nutlington village as they are revealed during the passing of a single day—that of the annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society. An eminently British book—as British as gooseberry tart—with solidity and feeling underlying its literary lightness, and possessing a leisurely charm of its own, not powerful, perhaps, yet not easily to be resisted.

Science

STARS AND ATOMS. By Arthur Stanley Eddington. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.

Professor Eddington teaches astronomy at Cambridge University, England. His students should enjoy his instruction. He expounds the marvels of the skies understandingly. Of the atom it may be remarked that there are several thousand millions in a drop of water, each about the one-hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. Man's structure is midway between



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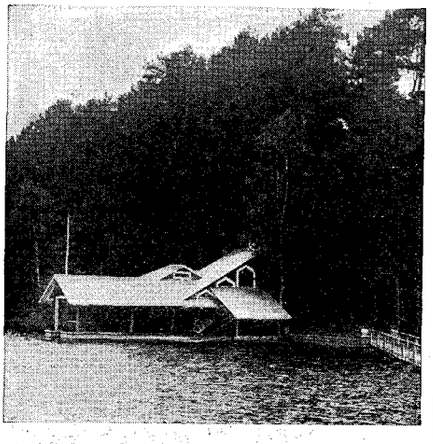

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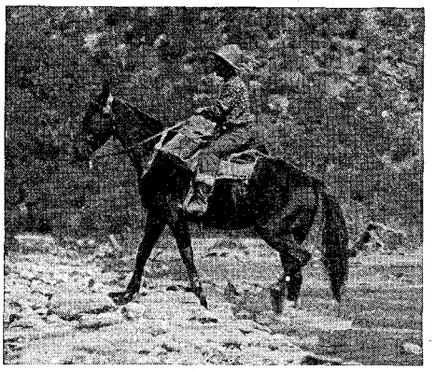

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that of an atom and a star, and relatively is slightly nearer to the former than the latter. It is pleasant to learn that one could "buy a pound of light from an electric light company except that it is a larger quantity than you are likely to need, and at the current rates would cost something over one hundred million pounds."

Poetry

LOTUS AND CHRYSANTHEMUM: AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE POETRY. Selected and Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Boni & Liveright, New York. $7.50.

This handsomely made book is intended to present a fairly representative compendium of the whole body of Chinese and Japanese poetry, ranging from the "Song of the Men of Chin-Ling," by Hsieh T'Iao, of the fifth century A.D., to selections from Christopher Morley's satirical (or burlesque) "Translations from the Chinese," which, truth to tell, strike a somewhat jarring note of conclusion to all the beauty that precedes them. Otherwise Mr. French, a seasoned and discriminating anthologist, is more than successful in his second aim, which is to give pleasure to the reader. In spite of a comparatively full apparatus of bibliography and notes, this is primarily a book for desultory reading. The selections are arranged on no discernible plan, either by subject, translator, or chronological order, and the lack of an index or an alphabetical table of contents makes it unnecessarily difficult to find any given poet or the notes upon his work. Poems of Li Po, for instance, are scattered through four sections of the book—in the interests of variety, according to the preface.

Sociology

THE ECONOMIC THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS. By Nikolai Bukharin. The International Publishers, New York. $2.50.

This work was written in 1914 and published, with a preface, in Russia in 1919. It is an attack, from the Marxian standpoint, on Bohm-Bawerk and the Austrian school, with some incidental animadversions on the "Anglo-American school," of whom Professor John Bates Clark is taken as the representative. The reason for publishing it in America at this time is not clear. To a few students it may, as a survival of pre-war Socialist polemics, have a certain historic value, but aside from them it can find only a scant audience. The war and the Bolshevik régime have revolutionized the character of the argument both for and against a Socialist system, and the cast-iron phrases of Bukharin have now small meaning to any one. As an economist he is thus likely to be ignored. As a prophet he seems destined to the same fate. In 1914 he wrote that "the bourgeoisie" was "approaching its end," and in 1919 that the capitalist system was being "destroyed by the flames of the Communist revolution." Thirteen years after the first assertion and eight years after the second the signs of a dissolution of capitalism and an extinction of the *bourgeoisie* may be said to be conspicuously unobservable.

Biography

GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS AND FRIENDS. Studies of Collegemen. By Charles Franklin Thwing. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

Kindly sketches of eminent preachers, educators, and statesmen with whom Dr. Thwing has been associated. The list includes Charles W. Eliot, James B. Angell, Daniel C. Gilman, Andrew D. White, Cyrus Northrup, Mark Hopkins, William T. Harris, William R. Harper, James H. Fairchild, Richard S. Storrs, F. W. Gunsaulus, Henry Adams, James Bryce, John Morley, John Hay, William De Witt Hyde, James M. Taylor, Samuel H. Taylor, Edward A. Park, William J. Tucker, George Herbert Palmer, and Andrew S. Draper—surely a notable company about whom he could well have told more.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: A STUDY IN SOLITUDE. By Herbert Gorman. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Gorman's assignment to write the first of the "Murray Hill Biographies" seems to have weighed heavily upon him. For a short study, it moves with singularly leaden feet, and the general atmosphere is one of inspissate gloom. Section IV, page 20, starts with this good cheer: "One must travel back in Time to find the real Nathaniel Hawthorne and yet this journey will discover no more than a few frightful ghosts, a greater number of inconsequential phantoms, and the spent luster of a scene that reflects a comfortless sun shining through biting autumn weather." On the whole, however, the book is well-proportioned and gracefully phrased, contains most of the necessary biographical detail of Hawthorne's life and some surprisingly orthodox estimates of his novels and tales, and, except for a fine scorn of punctuation and an ungallant reference to Sophia Hawthorne as a "rather lush dilettante," does not display too much devotion to the prevailing free and easy biographical mode.

Essays and Criticism

THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE: A BOOK OF DIGRESSIONS. By Odell Shepard. With Illustrations by Beatrice Stevens. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

Mr. Shepard as a walker belongs to what is now almost an extinct species—he soon grew accustomed to the amused and superior "automobile face;" as an essayist, the chronicler of rural Connecticut hills, brooks, skylarks, and little towns, he ranges himself among the most delightful of the sort from Thoreau, whom he so frequently quotes, to Brooks Atkinson, of whose philosophical and occasionally gently self-derisive attitude he is also not unreminiscent. He has an ideal collaborator in the illustrator who has furnished so many charming drawings which recall their originals in their soft green tints. It is a book which would create acute nostalgia in the breast of one exiled New Englander if he were not at the moment of writing about to depart for the northernmost range of the Green Mountains. There is a region to be recommended to Mr. Shepard's earliest attention!

Art

NEW BACKGROUNDS FOR A NEW AGE. By Edwin Avery Park. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $5.

Mr. Park has lined up examples of the modernist movement in decorative arts in this country. Aided by illustrations of the work of many leading decorators and by sketches of his own, he lays the offering on the table. In some of its aspects the showing is impressive. His suggestions and criticisms are such as might be made by an instructor leading his class toward the uneasy waters of modernism. Even those who will never drink, and to whom the waters will always seem too muddy to be enticing, must take note of some charming reflections mirrored therein.

Two chapters on "American Decorators and Craftsmen" take up furniture, metal work, wall papers, and fabrics of advanced design. Here modernism has met with its greatest success, and justly so. The scale of living has been reduced. The new type of abode is either a very small house, erected at great expense, or a suite of rooms anywhere from ten to one hundred feet in the air. The book is preoccupied with the problem of combining a new beauty with a new utility, in decorating these dwellings of a people who "had rather

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be moving rapidly from Providence to Spokane in a motor car, than sitting before a fire reading." While he admits the merits of the furniture of older days, Mr. Park strikes a blow at the cant and patter of "period," and side-swipes at a countryside full of "Ye Olde Antique Shoppes" by inquiring if it might not be well for us to lift our noses from the grindstone of antiquity and take heed of the beauty in our own living present. There is beauty in a submarine; there may be beauty in a shower-bath.

"Steel is the world to-day, steel is the climax of the iron age." Much that we use is the product of fast-running steel machines. If the nineteenth century is not to pass without leaving a style of its own, we must do our dreaming in new terms.

The chapter on "Steel, Concrete, and Terra Cotta" recounts the giant strides made in industrial architecture during the past ten years, which have seen the evolution of the setback skyscraper. These giants which rear their steel and concrete heads in our streets "are different from anything ever seen before and, what is more, beautiful."

As a prophet Mr. Park is not without honor in his own country. He is Assistant Professor of Design and Architecture at Yale. Reminiscent of another prophet is his cry, "How long must we go on repeating the phrases of the past?"

History

THE FORERUNNERS OF ST. FRANCIS, AND OTHER STUDIES. By Ellen Scott Davidson, Edited by Gertrude R. B. Richards, with a Foreword by James T. Shotwell. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Published after the death of the author, this volume will preserve the memory of a rare student of mediæval life. The bulk of the book is given to an account of the rise of monastic orders of the ascetic type in protest against the low moral standards of the prelates and priests of the day. It is a strange story of reaction that men should be moved to hide themselves in cloisters because the world about them was surcharged with evil doings. Several chapters giving glimpses of mediæval life add to the interest of an unusual volume.

A NEW-ENGLANDER IN JAPAN: DANIEL CROSBY GREENE. By Evarts Boutell Greene. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Daniel Crosby Greene, a pioneer missionary sent by the American Board, the pioneer American agency for international missionary service, arrived in Japan in stirring times. Perry's treaty had been negotiated only fifteen years before, in 1854, and the fifteen years after Greene's arrival were to see the overthrow of the Shogunate and the establishment of an effectively centralized government. He remained there forty-four years, until his death in 1913, and carrying on the work of his own mission, arranging a translation of the Bible into Japanese, and founding the Doshisha College did not stand in the way of his being an interested and sometimes active factor in promoting good feeling in the relations between Japan and the United States. On at least one occasion he exerted his influence with his uncle William M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, to prevent the appointment of an obnoxious consular officer. His son, a trained historical writer, has done a notable piece of work in making what might have been merely a perfunctory biography, however sincere a labor of love, a genuine contribution to the religious and diplomatic history of nineteenth-century Japan.

TSENG KUO-FAN AND THE TAIPING REBELLION. By William James Hall, Ph.D., D.D. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

Expanded from a monograph submitted for degree-getting, Dr. Hall, who is Dean of Yale in China, or "Yali," as it now prefers to be called, furnishes a detailed narrative of great value to students of Chinese history. It is also a reminder of the fact that China in modern times has undergone other convulsions than the one now under way. The Taiping rising, Dr. Hall estimates, cost 20,000,000 lives and nearly fifteen years of turmoil before it was subdued. He makes Tseng Kuo-fan a Chinese Washington, though he saved a dynasty instead of creating a republic, credit for which, the author claims, was unduly awarded to Li Hung-chang and "Chinese" Gordon. That the rebels evolved a sort of Christianity as the basis of their cause is an interesting reminder in view of the fact that foreign sympathy sustained the monarchy. Tseng was a great man, and one of the literati, who least of all things desired military eminence, yet succeeded as a Commander-in-Chief against enormous odds. He possessed to the highest degree what U. S. Grant declared to be the best quality in a general—patience.

AGRICULTURE AND FOOD SUPPLY IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR. By Michel Ange-Laribe and Pierre Pinot. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

Another volume in the series published by the Carnegie Endowment. It details the steps taken to conserve and produce food during the abnormal conditions created by the conflict. Valuable, perhaps, as pilotage for the next war.

Politics and Government

DECLINING LIBERTY, AND OTHER PAPERS. By John A. Ryan. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Here are twenty-nine papers on political, economic, and social questions by the Catholic social reformer known widely as "Father" Ryan. The opening paper, which furnishes the title to the book, asserts that a notable diminution of liberty has occurred in the United States and that the most alarming dangers and injuries of this class began to manifest themselves before the war. He gives instances of what he regards as encroachments on the liberty of the citizen, not only by the executive and legislative power, but also by the judicial. He strongly criticises the Supreme Court decision of June 8, 1925, in the Gitlow case, praising the dissenting opinion of Justices Brandeis and Holmes; and he deals at some length with the decisions under the "due process" clause by which, "in the name of liberty of contract," the Court has "empowered the economically strong to oppress the economically weak." The papers cover a wide field. Fascism, birth control, prohibition, the rights and duties of Catholic citizens, standards of living, cancellation of war debts, and a score more of subjects are treated. Most readers—that is, serious readers—are familiar with Dr. Ryan's work; for those who are not it is to be said that few men have a more comprehensive understanding of the labor and social field than he, and that he writes with clearness and the force of conviction. Though this is mainly a controversial book, it will prove stimulating and informing even to those who must needs dissent from many of its conclusions.

Books Received

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS. By Jeddu Krishnamurti. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

WHITE WINGS. By Philip Barry. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

EIGHT BELLS. By Frank Waters. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

PRESSURE. By Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

THE TEN DREAMS OF ZACH PETERS. By Hermann Hagedorn. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $1.10.

GUIDEPOSTS TO CITIZENSHIP. By Charles Edgar Finch. The American Book Company, New York.

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EXPERIENCED college teacher and musician, desiring change, will accept position as hostess in men's fraternity or club. 7,936, Outlook.

FIFTY year young librarian seeks employment for August. Town or country. Willing to travel. 7,945, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as housekeeper in small school or hostess in girls' club; good caterer and domestic manager. Excellent references. 7,940, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion-housekeeper or position of trust; knowledge of dietetics, capable. References. 7,943, Outlook.

MAN of culture with experience in horticulture and farm management desires opportunity to manage your estate on salary or share basis. 7,946, Outlook.

PSYCHIATRIC nurse, college graduate, wide experience, who understands modern educational procedure, would consider staff position in progressive school in or near New York City for season of 1927-8. 7,948, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, 25 years, desires position as traveling companion or secretary to lady. Is graduate of finishing school, business school, and two years' business experience. Will also consider residential position. 7,952, Outlook.

SENSIBLE American woman as matron, housekeeper, dietitian. Not "trained," but experienced, efficient. 7,954, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement and culture, widow, desires position as companion-housekeeper or care of widower's home with children, or executive position. Wide experience. 7,953, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion to small child October 1. Two years' experience in office of a pediatrist. Teaching experience also. Invalid child, or child of pre-school age preferred. Highest references. 7,942, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CONGENIAL professional woman may share home, charming suburban cottage, with two other women. Near station, easy New York commuting. Clifton, 39 Edgewood Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Security Salesmen

"BUT the salesman said so," protested the investor to his friend.

"I have no doubt that the salesman thought he was telling the truth," retorted the other, "but on a vital point like that you shouldn't take the word of a salesman—unless you know the salesman well."

"They shouldn't hire salesmen who can't be trusted," objected the investor.

"I agree," said his friend; "but a large corporation cannot check up on every person in its employ every hour of the day. They get the best men they can and try to pay them enough so that they won't draw on their imagination too

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WHEN your surplus is invested in well selected and diversified bonds, your principal is protected; you have collateral which banks will accept if you need ready cash; and your capital, while productively employed, is readily available for business or personal emergencies. Good bonds are to the individual what quick assets are to a business enterprise.

The problem is in selecting and diversifying the bonds. That requires more experience than the average investor can himself apply. But it is always available to him in any measure that he needs, if he becomes the client of a responsible bond house, gives it his complete confidence, and depends upon its information and advice.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. deals only in bonds—strictly those of conservative types. It aims to sell a customer bonds which exactly suit his requirements and fit in with his other holdings as to maturity, marketability, and diversification. It is more concerned with helping the investor build an investment structure adapted to his circumstances, than with merely selling him some bonds.

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heavily. I'll admit that the salesman was wrong. But what about you yourself? Did you really 'investigate before you invested'—or afterwards?"

The investor looked sheepish.

"I guess," he said, "that some of the blame is on my shoulders."

The conversation just reported has been left purposely vague because the important thing is not the particular misstatement of the salesman. The thing I wish to emphasize is that just because a man is a security salesman, working perhaps for a house of recognized standing, he is nevertheless human, limited in his knowledge, and, above all, consciously or unconsciously biased in favor of the goods he is offering.

One should never buy securities from a salesman unless there is excellent evidence that the salesman represents a responsible house. If he does represent a good house, you will not have to ask him for his credentials. He will show them, and he will carry with him printed circulars about his offerings which will contain sufficient information to give you a very fair idea of the merit of the offering. In the case of a reliable house the statements which appear in the circular can generally be taken at their face value.

A great many securities are sold by the house-to-house or office-to-office method. In the big cities the representatives of the well-known investment houses have their regular rounds of calls to make on their more or less regular customers. In addition, salesmen from less well known firms are sent up to "work" various lists of names—club lists, alumni lists, lists of doctors, lawyers, ministers, and so on. The potential customer who has never bought securities tends to feel flattered when called on for the first time by a salesman, and if the salesman is clever and a little unscrupulous, he knows how to make the most of this feeling and to turn it to his own advantage.

No reputable security salesman working for a reputable house will do any one of the following things:

1. Promise or suggest unusual profits.
2. Try to stampede the customer to "buy *now*."
3. State that this investment is being sold direct to "the people" in order to prevent Wall Street control.
4. Reveal a "confidential" list of large stockholders.
5. Claim that he and his friends have put all that they owned or could borrow into the corporation.
6. Whisper that he understands that there is a standing offer from the biggest company in the field for the company whose stock he is selling.
7. Claim that the company "will always buy back its stock from a customer who needs cash."
8. Use high-pressure "hurry-up" tactics.

This list could be somewhat extended, but it is probably long enough now to put the unsuspecting on his guard. There is—or should be—no more mystery about an investment than about a player-piano, an automatic refrigerating machine, or a pair of shoes. In every case when a salesman meets a prospective customer there is a legitimate bargain to be made, on a legitimate basis.

What would you think of a man who called at your home to sell you a vacuum cleaner and spoke as follows: "I am giving the opportunity to buy this vacuum cleaner just to a few people who have been recommended to us" (by some scout who gets a commission). "It is the best vacuum cleaner on the market. I will not demonstrate it, but I will tell you that J. P. Morgan has been trying to buy the company in order to put up prices and add to his millions. The cost to-day is $62.50, but next week the price will go up to $94.78, so this is the chance of a lifetime. Here is a fountain pen and here is the dotted line."

Burlesque as this may be, it is not a great exaggeration of the methods used by some security salesmen. They get away with it because of the peculiar psychology of some would-be security buyers.

The proportion of honest and conscientious security salesmen to crooked or devious ones is much more heavily in favor of the former than it was a few years ago. Probably the vast majority of the men and women who make their living in this way are all right. Certainly it is true that practically all those who have remained in the "selling game" for a period of several years respect it and themselves and govern themselves accordingly. Against these it is not necessary to put up any defenses. But the alert investor will always be on the lookout for the security salesman who does not measure up. If he is of this type, it is certain that what he has to sell will be likewise. W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

It was "listed on the Boston curb," and it went bad. The name of the stock is Bagdad Silver Mines. The purchaser bought in good faith and on the promise of a salesman as to dividends. For a time there was a market for the stock—or what was dressed up to look like a market. Now, apparently, nothing. "Can you help us?" he wrote.

"We are sorry to say," we answered, "that there is a very small possibility of your getting your money back. The old rule 'caveat emptor'—let the buyer beware—applies in this case. The fact that you bought as a result of misrepresentation is hard to prove—although it is, of course, the fact.

"The only chance of getting your money back is for the price of the stock to go up sufficiently. Speculative stocks of this kind are manipulated by brokers in such a way that there is rarely a real market. The game is to sell new stock all the time rather than to allow trading in the old. The reason for this is that the promoters make their money in this way and not by trading."

A reader in the East holds the following securities:

Anaconda Copper Mining Company 6s, due 1953,
New York Telephone 6s, due 1941,
New York Edison Company 6½s, due 1941,
New York Central Debenture 6s, due 1935,
Oriental Development Company 6s, due 1953,
United States Rubber 5s, due 1947,
American Locomotive common,
Straus Real Estate Bonds.

He considers selling American Locomotive and possibly New York Edison, buying Armour of Delaware 5½s of 1943, Suburban Light and Power Company, Ohio, 5½s, due 1953, and Inland Power and Light Corporation 30-year 6s. "I might add," he says, "that I am thirty-five years old, married, with four young children. My salary is $3,000, out of which I save about $500 each year."

The problem thus put up to us is thoroughly interesting. Our analysis:

"In the first place, your present holdings are all excellent investments. None of your bonds are selling above the present call price. It would be well for you to make note of the call provisions, so that if the prices go up above these points you can sell. Of course, you have a very fair profit on some of these bonds

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which you might well wish to take and reinvest.

"As to your proposed investments, Armour of Delaware is the best of the three.

"You have a very fair yield on your capital, and we see no compelling reason for making sales or exchanges. In your circumstances, we would feel that you have now a very good 'back-log' which should not be disturbed.

"As to future investments, it is not our policy to suggest specific securities, but we shall be glad to give you any information we can on stocks or bonds which interest you. Have you given thought to any common stock investment trusts? We feel that for the small investor such a trust gives a degree of stability and diversification which cannot be obtained in any other way."

A good friend in Maine writes us as follows:

"I am interested in your statement, issued on June 22, regarding real estate bonds, but there is one feature regarding these bonds now being issued which you may wish to consider—*i. e.*, the guaranty of prompt payment, principal and interest, of such bonds by responsible bonding companies such as the National Surety Company, the Maryland Casualty Company, and others.

"It may be that you will wish to make some further comment on this feature of this class of investments."

The only comment we would make at this time is that the standing of the guarantor company is of vital importance. A guaranty is no stronger than its maker.

A pretty good little list is suggested by a reader in Virginia. Its character can be judged by our answer:

"Studebaker common is one of the best of the motor stocks. The preferred is generally rated as in the investment class. The common is rated almost as high.

"United States Rubber common is speculative. It is not a 'wild' speculation; but, on the other hand, it is not an investment for widows and orphans.

"Nichols & Sheppard. I presume you refer to the new issue of 10-year 6 per cent notes. We consider these sound.

"Standard Oil of New Jersey common. A high-grade investment.

"Arundel Mortgage Company. You speak of the bonds. These are well secured, and, in our opinion, of investment grade. As you do not mention any specific issue, we would suggest, if you are contemplating purchasing, that you examine carefully the provisions of the issue that interests you."

Free for All

Stamps and the Air Mail

On page 273 of the June 29 issue you state: "For the first time, also, authorized and official mail across the Atlantic by airplane will be carried by the America."

I would point out that this statement is incorrect. Probably some philatelist near home will have drawn your attention to the error, since the stamps used by the Alcock-Brown mail have already become quite valuable. The several authorized and official mails, to my knowledge, commenced with the heroic attempt of Messrs. Hawker and Grieve, who left here on May 18, 1919, both of whom dropped into the Atlantic and were rescued some distance off the coast of Ireland. This was followed within a month by the successful accomplishment of Messrs. Alcock and Brown, who left here on June 14, 1919, and reached Ireland sixteen hours and twelve minutes afterwards.

On May 23 of this year Pinedo left Trepassey, Newfoundland, for Rome, Italy, via the Azores, calling at Madrid and Lisbon, and reached Rome on June 22, carrying some three hundred letters.

As a subscriber of your paper, I thought you would be interested in having your attention brought to the error referred to.

Considerable local flying with mails from points within Newfoundland were made by Major Cotton and Captain Bennett in 1921 and 1922, with mails from Botwood, Newfoundland, to Cartwright, Labrador; on March 30, 1923, stops were made and mails dropped at St. Anthony and Battle Harbour. This trip was made in midwinter and a severe blizzard and snow-storm was encountered. The return trip was made in seven hours, only five of which were passed in actual flying. The machine was equipped with skids for landing on the ice, which was successfully performed, with only slight damage to the skids.

Three sacks of mail were brought from Cartwright, five hundred miles away, in seven hours, which, if sent by the only other available means—that is, by overland mail carriers to Quebec—would take as many weeks; in fact, only three to four mails are sent to Cartwright, on the Labrador coast, from January 1 to May in each year.

I, personally, have business interests fifty, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred miles apart, all of which have lakes and dams near by, and I am looking forward to the advent of a practical and economical commercial seaplane.

H. Macpherson.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Bullets of Gold

That article "The Red Man and the Black Hills," by Colonel Charles F. Bates, is more than interesting—it is sadly true.

But as to gold, its presence in that region has long been known to a few. In that almost forgotten book "The Oregon Trail," which I read as a boy seventy-five years ago, Mr. Parkman, quoting a trapper's words, says, "There is gold in the Black Hills." I have not the book at hand, but the statement is there, and can be read to-day. There is a tradition also that the red men there used bullets of gold in their firearms. I have read that story somewhere in past years, but cannot locate its place.

John E. Norcross.

Brooklyn, New York.

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The Outlook's Financial Service Department

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Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

Glory o' the Dawn

A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past

"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, ship-builder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

The Boston "Globe" says: "It is a rare occasion in the world of books when such a little gem as this is born."

The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

The "Public Ledger" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has molded his prose to the same sensitive craftsmanship he has given to the shaping of poetry."

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Mr. Pulsifer has kindly volunteered to autograph special copies of this book for those who accept the offer which appears below. The offer is limited, however, to subscribers of The Outlook. Simply mail the coupon today. Send no money now. Attractively bound in blue cloth with silver stamping, printed on heavy paper.

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By the Way

DR. GEORGE A. GORDON recalls a sermon of his in which he said he "was inclined to think that Christians were sometimes among the most foolish people that the Almighty ever made." The mother of a family who heard it, in repeating at the dinner table "this wild utterance of the minister," was greeted with the outcry from her young son: "Mother, dear, that was most untactful of Dr. Gordon; there might have been a Christian in the congregation!"

"What is the rent of this room, including the piano?"

"Well," suggested the landlady, "perhaps you'd be so good as to play me something first."

An ingenious bid for immortality is revealed by a tombstone recently installed in a British cemetery. The inscription, as quoted in the New York "World," reads:

Here lies my body which after sixty-nine years left me on the 30th April 1925 I was the youngest son of William who was the youngest son of William Bryans a merchant and magistrate in Liverpool and of Sophia who was the youngest daughter of John Lonsdale a Bishop of Lichfield I married Louisa the youngest daughter of Richard Richardson of Capenhurst Hall Chester I was educated at Haileybury College and at Pembroke College Cambridge For ten years I made tea in India For two I made wine in France For thirty I made stained glass windows in England and bad puns all the time I asked my dear wife to put up this stone and my beloved children to keep it tidy.

May the Lord have Mercy on my Soul Herbert William Bryans.

From the Dartmouth "Jack o' Lantern:"

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat you wuz at a prayer-meetin', whar yo wasn', in order to show dat yo wasn't at the crap game, whar yo wuz."

"What's all that racket down there?"

"A man just turned a corner."

"Well?"

"Oh, there wasn't any corner."

The moving-picture exhibitors are trying everything to keep up attendance in the summer—cooling plants, free lemonade, souvenirs. Some one should suggest that they try good pictures.

Sandy Junior: "Ye promised to gie me saxpence if I was top boy at school. I've been top boy for two weeks running."

Sandy Senior (reluctantly): "Well, here's a shilling, but ye must give up studying so hard—it's not good for ye!"

Traffic officer: "Hey, there! Where d'you think you're going? Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Mr. Cohen (in his new car): "Vell, I'm going vun way. Vat's de matter mit you?"

Visitor: "Nothing stirring on the campus, I see. Vacation is on?" Student: "Not much. The crew has gone to Billowpoint, the baseball team is on the Southern trip, the track squad is trimming everything in the West, and 90 per cent of our faculty is attending scientific conventions abroad—the highest percentage of any American university."

"I don't know what the modern youngsters are coming to. My office boys persistently whistle while they work."

"You are fortunate. Mine just whistle."

This limerick was a favorite of the late James Stalker, Scotch theologian:

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes,
The one on the right
Was not much of a sight,
But the left one took several prizes.

Claude Kinsella, of Crookston, Minnesota, is trying to gain fame and fortune by setting a new non-stop onion-eating record. On his last reported attempt Claude consumed fifty-two onions at one sitting.

From the Boston "Transcript:"

"What's wrong with Smith?"

"Nervous breakdown, I guess."

"What! Has he had his vacation already?"

There are 500,000 tobacco dealers in the United States and 2,500 book-stores, says the Literary Guild of America.

From the "New Yorker:"

The inventiveness of school-children or the renowned alibis of office boys during the baseball season must pale before the latest tale of a chorus girl's creative imagination. The stage manager of a current Shubert production the other day received a note from one of the chorus ladies reading thus:

"Please excuse me for not attending to-day's matinée, as I am sick in bed with a bad attack of typhoid fever. However, I will positively be around for to-night's performance."

Dr. William H. Vail, of Newark, New Jersey, sends in the following climatic remedies:

The brewers should to Malta go,
The loggerheads to Scilly;
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The furriers to Chile.

The little squalling, brawling brats,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lapland or to Brest.

From Spithead cooks go o'er to Greece;
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in Straits.

Spinsters should to Needles go,
Winebibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fundy.

Musicians hasten to the Sound,
The surpliced priest to Rome;
While still the race of hypocrites
At Cant-on are at home.

Lovers should hasten to Good Hope;
To some Cape Horn is pain;
Debtors should go to O-hio,
And sailors to the Main-e.

Hie, bachelors, to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate, and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us;
And all that aren't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

Answer to last week's puzzle:

American cities transposed: Washington, Mobile, Providence, Raleigh, Chicago, Topeka, Newark, St. Paul, Brooklyn, Galveston, Albany, Lima, Salem, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Hartford, Columbus, Louisville, Atlanta, Worcester, Newport, New York.

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Quickest

Distance between two points

"Conservation of Time" is needed by men in every department of business in the New York Market. "How long will it take to get there?" has replaced the question "How far away is his place of business?" Distance is just one of the many things now measured in terms of time.

Time is of paramount importance in building up distribution in this great labyrinth of streets called "New York" . . . this huge jumble of neighborhoods where countless communities depend for their supplies upon merchants well known to each section but buried to the world at large.

The cost of reaching these thousand and one destinations is a matter of time . . . time that can be saved by specialized, intimate knowledge of routes with the least traffic resistance, routes taking shortcuts, routes pre-determined by traffic experts.

Bush Traffic Experts have charted the New York area into six zones. Each zone has been studied, its arteries of travel analyzed, the one quickest way found for reaching any given destination. These routes of the Bush Trucks mark the lines of least traffic resistance . . . the quickest distance between any two points.

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4. Immediate release of merchandise upon delivery instructions, seven copies of each order being issued for efficiency.
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